

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

Number 682

Week Ending  
APRIL 16, 1932

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Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

## HERO OF A CORAL ISLE

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### THE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE

#### IN THE OLD-FASHIONED STREET

And the Old-Fashioned Sisters Who Lived There

#### END OF A BEAUTIFUL STORY

Ninety years ago Mr Richard Redgrave, R.A., built a house close to the green fields of Kensington as a home for his bride.

There three little daughters were born and brought up. As the years passed the country receded from their door. Gradually the house came to be part of a street.

In this old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned street two of their daughters, Miss Frances and Miss Evelyn, lived for over eighty years. Their father held the post of Surveyor of Crown Pictures, and they often went with him to visit the royal palaces.

The two sisters were always together.

#### Devoted Service

Through the windows of their old-fashioned house came sounds of the roar of Twentieth-Century traffic. But they went on living in the same Victorian atmosphere of old.

Occasionally they went to a concert at the Albert Hall or to a theatre, but they never went to the cinema. It did not appeal to them, nor did the modern novel. They found the memoirs of famous people much more interesting.

Their old-fashioned servants were devoted to them. One cook was with them for forty years, and the next one had been thirty years in their service when Miss Evelyn was taken ill.

This meant that two people were ill, for Miss Frances, who was convinced that her sister would not get better, fretted until she was ill too. One night she passed away peacefully in her sleep.

#### Eighty Years of Friendship

After more than eighty years of life together the two sisters were parted, but it was not for long. From the moment her sister died life had no more meaning for Evelyn Redgrave. Sixteen days later she passed out of the world in the same room in which she had first seen the light 82 years before.

So another link has been broken with the quieter and more dignified London of Victorian days, when Queen Victoria, in a coalscuttle bonnet and shawl, went out driving with her babies, who were contemporaries of the Redgrave sisters.

For the first time strangers will come to live in the home Mr Redgrave built for his bride ninety years ago. But even if the front door is painted jade green and the rooms are distempered and redecorated the memories of eighty years of friendship will still cling to the old-fashioned house in the old-fashioned Kensington street.

### Riders at Whipsnade



Riding on Shetland ponies, or Shelties, as they are affectionately called, is a new and very popular pastime with little visitors to Whipsnade Zoo.

### A PIRATE'S HOARD FOUND

At last the long-looked-for Pirate's Hoard has been found.

Five bars of gold, worth at present prices £12,000, are safely lodged at Nassau, in New Providence, the principal island of the Bahamas. To make the story more complete the fisherman who found them was also safely lodged in Nassau gaol till his tale and his find could be examined.

Part of the tale has been already told in the C.N. News that the fisherman had found the gold leaked out, and the police visited him to see if it was true. No one will wonder at their doubts. The reports of pirate's hoards awaiting a finder have been heard so many times and have so seldom got beyond the report stage that people have found it very difficult to believe them.

The fisherman acknowledged to the police that he had found a pirate's hoard among the rocks at the southern end of the island, but would not say

where the hoard was, and refused to show the place.

Rather high-handedly, as it seems to us, the police locked him up and went to search by themselves. They must have had some inside information, if not a map, for they actually found the gold bars hidden among rocks on which was a "masonic mark." Everything was, in fact, in piratical order as prescribed by all the romances of treasure trove in the romantic Spanish Main that ever have been told.

The only thing that was different was that the gold was actually there instead of being merely the vanished rainbow gold of fiction. There was more than a hundredweight of it.

The fisherman was released and is to receive £4,000 for his find, while the rest goes to the Crown. The usual pirate story does not end in that way, but the fisherman of New Providence is luckier than most adventurers.

### FAREWELL TO A PATRIOT

#### SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

The Man Who Would Not Bother With Irish Politics

#### FRIEND OF PEASANTS AND FARMERS

Of Sir Horace Plunkett it might be said that he loved his country but he loved his countrymen more.

Many generations his family, the Dunsanys, had lived in Ireland. They came in medieval days from England, and were Lords of the Pale, the term denoting those families who lived within the Pale of English authority.

From within the Pale have come some of the most famous Irishmen in Ireland's history. Horace Plunkett was one, and there never was a truer Irishman.

In the days after the invasion of Ireland by Cromwell the Dunsanys, like other families of the Pale, stood as a moderating influence between the fervid Irish patriots and the new interests.

#### An Independent Patriot

The same moderating influence was the keynote of Horace Plunkett's life. He was an independent patriot who saw that the poverty of Ireland was an incomparably more important thing for treatment than any political issue. Let others deal with politics; he would do what he could for the Irish farmer and peasant in a land where the chief industry is agriculture.

Before he set to work Irish agriculture was in the lowest depths. The Irish peasant had neither the ability nor even the wish to improve himself.

Plunkett's opportunity came 40 years ago, when Ireland was disgusted with politics, Parnell being no longer there to blow the political embers into a flame. Before then Plunkett's ideas on dairy farming in Ireland had taken root. Now was the time to water them with new ideas of education and cooperation. The Irish Revival set in and Plunkett was one of its godfathers.

#### One of the Peacemakers

Under his guidance the Irish countryman was set on the path which led to contentment and the self-help which led to prosperity. He was himself a worker, and an unselfish one, who helped others before himself. He was a great man for education. He taught the value of cooperation; he believed in enterprise. It was characteristic of him that he learned to fly when he was past seventy.

This man placed Irish agriculture on a sound footing from which no politics could shake it, because, by the force of his teaching and example, he separated it from political movements. Ireland's wealth in butter, eggs, and bacon is one of the monuments to his memory. A greater one still is that he was one of Ireland's peacemakers.



## HERO OF A CORAL ISLE

GOODMAN THE METHODIST

An African's Golden Deed on a Sinking Ship

### REFUSING TO ESCAPE

Here is a golden deed that should make all men of African race proud and happy.

It comes from the coral isle of Eleuthera, one of the Bahamas, and its hero is a Negro fisherman named Minis Goodman.

Not long ago the sailing-boat Patrick left Nassau for Eleuthera, 75 miles away. The crew and passengers together numbered 23 souls. They had nine hours of plain sailing, and then, at about one o'clock on Saturday morning, the Patrick struck a reef and sank quickly.

There was one dinghy, which floated off while the top of the Patrick's mast stood about two feet out of the waves, with people clinging to it.

### Why Goodman Stayed

In the dinghy alone was any hope of escape—for those who could swim to it. Six men did; they scrambled safely on board and drifted from the wreck, carried by the currents, for there were no oars.

Minis Goodman, one of the strongest swimmers and divers in the islands, did not go to the dinghy. It would have been easier for him to reach that little ark of refuge than for any of the others; but Goodman is a Methodist preacher, and nowhere in the Bible had he found any such counsel as *Every man for himself*.

There were 12 women, three children, and another man struggling round the mast of the sunken ship. Goodman stayed with them.

The waters are infested with sharks and barracudas, but Goodman dived down to the boat deck, cut away the ropes, and brought to the surface the boom, the long spar at the foot of the sail. Again and again he dived, and, bringing up ropes, lashed the boom to the mast, made loops for foot-rests, and made a sling to support the backs of his companions. Only an expert diver, able to stay under water for some time, could have accomplished this. Only a very gallant man would have risked the sharks to do it.

### Heroic Work

When the dawn broke, there was not a vessel to be seen. The long hours wore away. If a ship had come then Goodman's heroic work would not have been in vain. But the women and children grew weaker one by one, died, and slipped out of the rope slings. When sunset came only Goodman and the other man survived. During the night the other man died.

The next morning came. Goodman's great strength was nearly exhausted, but he still clung on and prayed for rescue. At eight o'clock a fishing boat appeared, and Goodman was saved. He had been in the shark-haunted waters for 31 hours.

The dinghy had drifted toward Nassau, and 12 miles off had been picked up by fishermen, who sent a rescue party to the scene of the wreck.

Goodman has made a complete recovery. We can be sure that his sermons are listened to with conviction, for surely there was never a preacher whose manhood was more thoroughly tested.

### RISE OF AN OFFICE BOY

Sir William Pryke, the Dick Whittington of modern times, has passed on at 85.

He started work at 14 as an office boy, earning 5s a week, and by pluck and hard work he made a fortune and became Lord Mayor of London in 1925.

## LONDON ON THE WAY TO THE COUNTRY

The Lark Draws Near

QUIET PLACES FOR THE BIRDS

We have just had a pleasant change and shock.

Instead of hearing a lament for a bit of country that has turned into town we have just heard of a bit of town turning into country.

Lord Grey of Falldon said the other day that he used to travel from London to a certain common in Surrey to hear the song of the woodlark. Now you can hear it in Richmond Park.

The birds are flocking back to London. Last year the cuckoo was heard in St James's Park. Chaffinches bred freely in Hyde Park. There and in Kensington Gardens more than 20 kinds of birds nested, and 66 were believed to have bred in Richmond Park, where 20 other kinds have been seen as visitors.

### A Sign of Enlightenment

It is a wonderful and delightful thing that London children should be able to study wild birds in the parks. It is a sign of enlightenment that fewer cage-birds should sing in Mayfair and that woodlarks should sing above their nests in one of London's public places.

Much of this happy state of affairs is due to the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, which held its annual meeting the other day with Lord Grey, one of its most faithful friends, among the speakers.

It was a cheerful meeting, because he was able to say that a great deal more interest is being taken in birds and that the common kinds are flourishing. But he spoke sternly of rare birds which are being exterminated by collectors who take, not one egg, but the whole nestful.

### Kent's Farthest South

Sir Montagu Sharpe told the meeting of a scheme to turn 271 acres of the desolate Dungeness promontory, Kent's Farthest South, into a bird sanctuary. A generous friend to birds, Mr R. B. Burrowes, by undertaking to pay £9000 within three years, has saved it from being built on and spoiled; and it is hoped to collect most of the money before then and to vest the land in the National Trust.

Thus the society is saving lovely bits of England, not only for the birds, but for all who love green spaces and peace. We owe it a great debt of gratitude.

## THE MIRACLE THAT HAPPENS EVERY DAY

The other day a journalist stood in a crowd outside Buckingham Palace.

A Salvation Army band had been playing in the courtyard, and now the bandmaster had been summoned into the Palace to see the King and Queen. The journalist saw a man in Salvation Army uniform and asked him about the bandmen.

One was a taxi-driver, another a carpenter, another a painter, and so on.

"What are you?" asked the inquiring journalist.

"Ex-convict," said the man. He smiled; he was not haunted by that past, or afraid of it, because he was so certain that it was dead. He said he had served a sentence at Dartmoor for highway robbery with violence and had there read General Booth's Life. The book changed him from an enemy of mankind to a decent citizen.

There he stood in the London crowd, a neat, self-respecting fellow, whom you could trust with anything; and he was once the sort of man who would break your head on the chance of finding money in your pocket.

It is as wonderful as any of the miracles of science, yet it is a commonplace happening.

## PUSHED OVER A PRECIPICE

How to Crash With Safety

A FRENCHMAN'S NEW AEROPLANE IDEA

M. Albert Sauvaut has an idea for a crash-proof aeroplane, and it is his wish to give the machine a practical test by making a nose-dive to Earth from a great height with engine full on.

The French air authorities, however, will not license his aeroplane, so the test cannot take place.

This ban did not prevent M. Sauvaut from showing that he has confidence in his machine. Stripping it of wings and engine he took the body to Escagnolles, near Grasse, in the Maritime Alps, where it was placed on the edge of a 500-foot precipice. The machine has a steel frame body within the outer body, the inner case being provided with powerful shock absorbers.

M. Sauvaut sat in a heavily-padded seat inside, closed the door, and his friends, greatly daring, pushed the machine over the precipice.

Down the mountainside it went, turning six somersaults on the way, and soon it landed with a crash below. M. Sauvaut stepped out unhurt from among the wreckage of the outer body! The inner steel case was undamaged.

The plucky inventor appears to have proved that there is a good deal in his idea.

## POOR WHALE

A Sad Tale of Good Friday

All our sympathy goes out to the Good Friday whale stranded at the mouth of the Elbe.

Unhappily for itself it had come too far in from deep water and had become stranded on the sandbanks of the estuary. It might have got off, but while thrashing the shallow water with its tail in trying to do so it met with a second misfortune.

It was sighted by the skipper of a tug. The strange spectacle excited the skipper to that hunting instinct which never is absent from many people, and he determined to capture the creature.

He sent two men on to the sandbanks to put a wire hawser and a chain cable round the whale's tail, and the tug then towed the whale off into deep water and drew it backward toward the port of Cuxhaven.

There news of the strangest haul a tug had ever towed had spread, and the whole town turned out to see the whale come in.

But the whale was less interested in the arrival than any who witnessed it, for during the long tow its head had been kept too long under water, and it had not survived.

## A MAN'S NEW WORLD

Pardoned After Forty Years

In 1892 a certain Carmelo Caterinichia of Sicily was condemned to imprisonment for life for a crime he has always declared he never committed.

Now he has received a free pardon from the King of Italy. Throughout the whole of his forty years in prison his conduct has been good.

On leaving prison he was told that his wife was dead, but that his three little children were all grown-up and living in New York.

His first act on finding himself free was to fall on his knees and kiss the ground; then he went to the cathedral and gave thanks.

"Everything," he says, "is new. Motor-cars, electric trams, men hurrying about in clothes very different from anything which I remember. I seem stunned. Even little boxes sing and play music most enchantingly."

## THE BLUE PILGRIMS

ON THE RIGHT ROAD TO CHANGE THE WORLD

Where the Duke and Duchess Found Eighty Happy People

LET US BE NEIGHBOURLY

Not long ago the Duke and Duchess of York visited the House of the Blue Pilgrims at Blaina in South Wales. There they found about 80 happy people.

If it were not for the House of the Blue Pilgrims they would be miserable, for they are out of work, with nothing to do and nowhere to go. The House is their club, where they can meet their neighbours, chat, sit in comfort, and, above all, find something to do. The Blue Pilgrims show them how to make toys and furniture, do quilting, repair boots, and employ themselves in all sorts of interesting ways.

### Friends of the Friendless

The Blue Pilgrims are people who believe in neighbourliness first and foremost.

They do not believe in hermits. They believe in getting people together, in camps or clubs, and then those people start helping one another.

One thing the Blue Pilgrims do is to get the unemployed man out of his lonely cottage; another is to get the friendless maidservant out of her lonely kitchen.

Many girls from Wales and Durham come to London to find work as servants, but have nowhere to go on their free afternoons. A branch of the Blue Pilgrims called the Wayfarers Association has opened six centres in London where the lonely girl can be sure of a welcome, of introductions to others, and of amusement. At Centre Number One, which meets in Portugal Street, Kingsway, from October to June each Sunday, there is an average attendance of 100.

The members promise to be kind, not to give themselves airs, not to be jealous, and not to be rude. The fee is 6d a month, and they can buy cheap meals there if they like. Nobody tries to patronise or lecture them; they are as free as the members of the most expensive clubs in Piccadilly.

### Nothing Like a Camp

This summer the Blue Pilgrims will be organising camps for those who are fighting the hard battle of unemployment. They think there is nothing like a camp for teaching cheerful neighbourliness. But the Blue Pilgrims are short of men and women who will help them to run such camps, and there is a Blue Pilgrim at Rowledge in Surrey who would be glad to hear of volunteers.

Neighbourliness is a very homely word, but neighbourliness would change the world if everyone could see the way to practise it. The Blue Pilgrims seem to be on the right road.

## THINGS SAID

We are the only great civilised country which has no Ministry of Fine Arts.

Lady Snowden

Fresh air, meagre fare, freedom from care, is the hygiene of old age.

Sir Humphry Rolleston

What is called leisure when you have a little money is called unemployment when you haven't. Archbishop of York

I do not want my education through a loud-speaker to which I cannot answer back. Delegate at an Education Conference

We are learning to admire the rogue and pardon the bully, for these are the heroes of modern romance.

Father Ronald Knox

An appreciation of books or plays or music or pictures must not be taken for granted south of Nottingham.

Mr Compton Mackenzie



April 16, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

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# FIRE BROOMS · ON TRISTAN DA CUNHA · RAHERE PAINTINGS



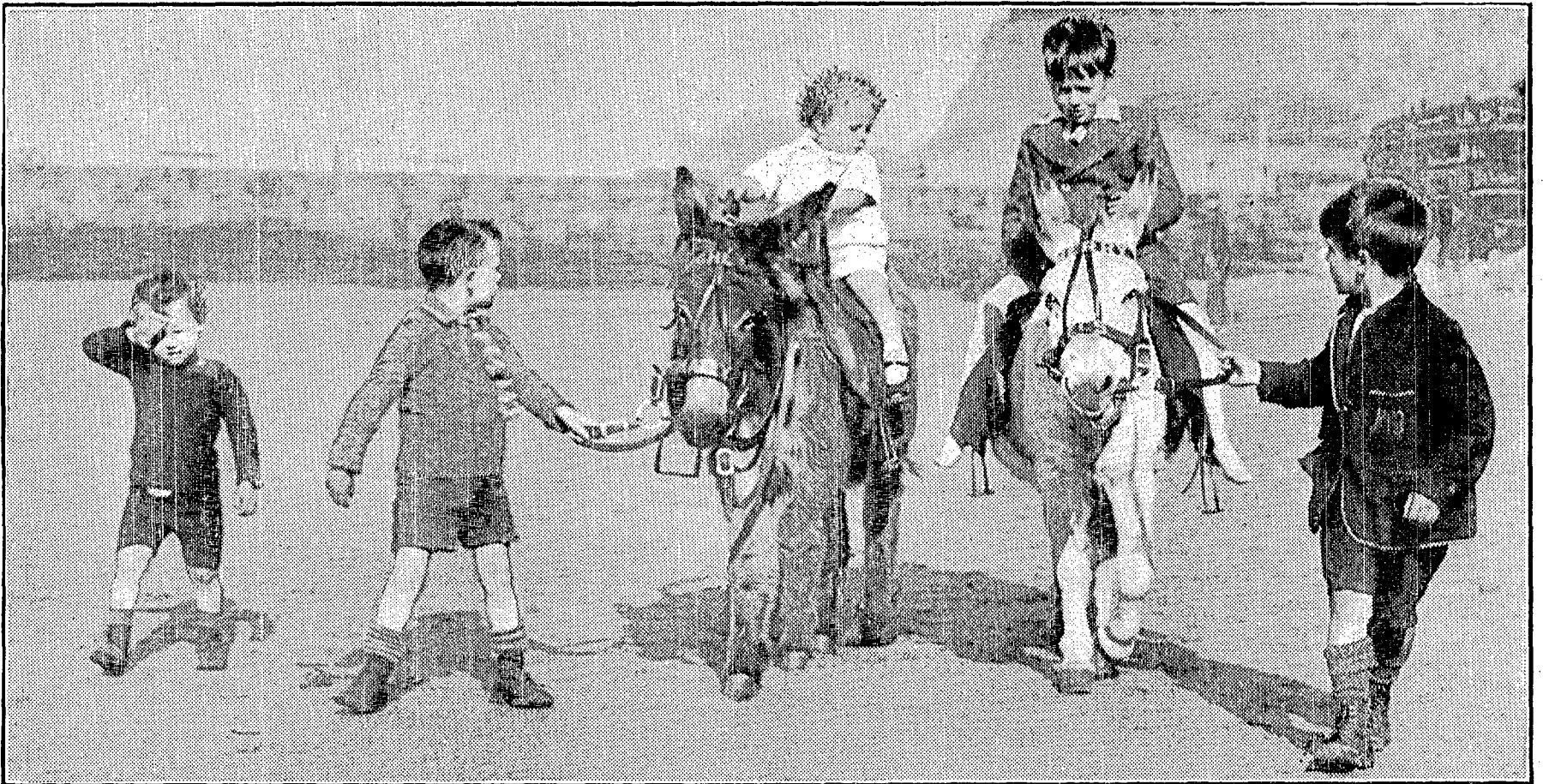
**April Showers**—One of London's most famous churches, St Martin's-in-the-Fields, is here seen mirrored in the wet pavement of Trafalgar Square.



**A Welcome Lift**—While enjoying a day's outing in Yorkshire these Wolf Cubs of the Hull St Augustine's pack were very pleased to be helped on their way by their cheery leaders.



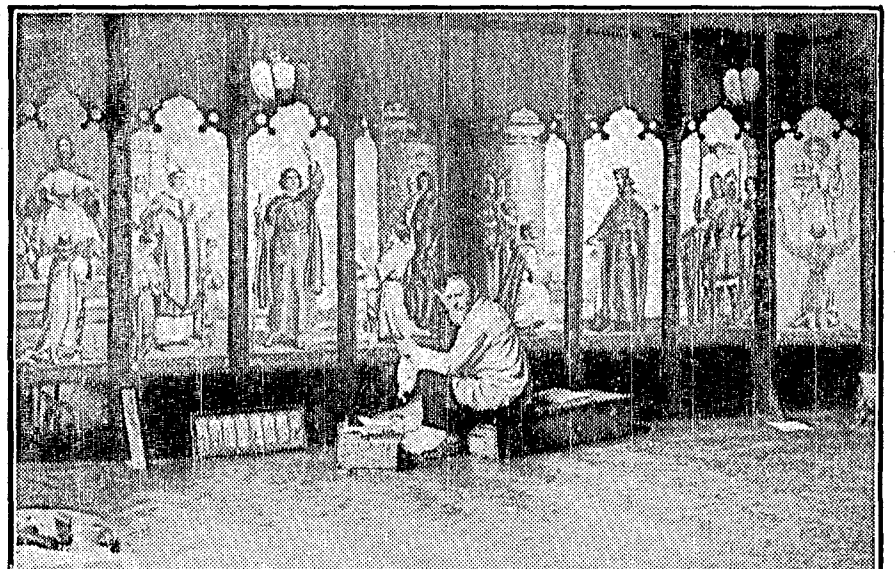
**Fire Brooms**—At Lyndhurst in the New Forest these brooms have been provided in readiness for beating out any outbreaks of fire in dry weather.



**Riders on the Sands**—It is early yet to think of seaside joys, but these little people at Whitby found that the donkeys were ready and willing to take them for a ride across the sands.



**A Lonely Outpost**—The people of Tristan da Cunha received one of their rare visits from the outside world not long ago when H.M.S. Carlisle called with stores. Here the medical officer from the vessel is seen with some of the 150 inhabitants of this lonely island.



**The Rahere Panels**—Mr Frank Beresford has just completed his fine series of eight panels of the life of Rahere which are to be fixed in the church of St Bartholomew, the oldest church in London. Here Mr Beresford is putting his finishing touches to this fine work.



## AMERICA AND HER BUDGET

### FIGHTING SHY OF TAXATION

The Speaker's Stirring Appeal to the People

### WHAT AMERICA COULD DO WITH EASE

While this country has been balancing its Budget by hard self-sacrifice, and repaying to America our borrowed millions, America herself has been faced with a financial crisis like our own.

In spite of a huge prospective deficit in their Budget the members of Congress showed great unwillingness to meet the stern necessity for increasing taxes. The Government proposed a tax on sales, but Congress refused to pass it; and matters were made worse by a proposal to bring forward a measure granting a bonus of about £400,000,000 for the men who fought in the war.

### Every Citizen's First Duty

Both American and foreign investors became alarmed, and money was withdrawn and sent to Europe. President Hoover at once declared that he would veto the bonus, on the ground that it would undermine the credit of America at a time when the first duty of every citizen was to build it up.

In Congress itself Mr Garner, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, stepped down from his chair and vigorously pointed out what effect the irresponsible actions of the members was having on the world. Foreigners, he declared, sent their money to America because they believed that the Stars and Stripes protected property as well as persons. If Congress declined to levy the necessary taxes there would not be a bank in the country which could meet its depositors in sixty days. There would be a financial panic unequalled in the history of the Republic.

### An Appeal to Patriotism

Mr Garner's appeal to patriotism brought the House back to common sense. When he asked all who wished the Budget to be balanced to stand up only two or three kept their seats, and the Government at once proceeded with their proposals for new taxation. Increased postal rates were voted. Taxes were placed on many luxuries, including gramophones, chewing-gum, motor-cars, and all theatre tickets over about two shillings in value.

It must be remembered that the citizen of America is much more lightly taxed than we are on this side of the Atlantic; and if only the American is willing to bear the slight additional burdens necessary at this difficult period he need not fear for the future of his great country.

It is the world's hope that America will not only put her own financial house in order, but will use her vast resources to help the struggling countries of Europe to their feet, a work which would benefit her own trade quite as much as theirs.

## THE WORLD'S SENSELESS POLICY

By the Bishop of London

Perfectly against our will we have been driven to establish tariffs, a most senseless policy.

Is it possible to have a more foolish policy to pursue all over the world? Every economist knows that the world will never prosper, or unemployment diminish, until all the nations of the world agree to trade with each other, and their locked-up resources are liberated for the use of one another.

### SUMMER TIME

Summer Time begins on Sunday morning, so all clocks must be put forward one hour on Saturday night.

## A VERY BRAVE DEED

### Great Page in Boys Brigade History

### HOW HENRY WHITBY LEFT THE BRIDGE

The Boys Brigade Cross has just been given to Henry Whitby for what was a very brave deed.

When the River Mersey was in flood at Chorlton a few weeks ago the swirling waters were over fifty feet wide and reached the top of the banks twenty feet above the everyday level.

Henry Whitby, who belongs to the Boys Brigade, was crossing the half-submerged bridge and stopped for a moment to gaze at the tumult beneath. A smaller boy was standing on the bank also watching the flood.

### In the Raging Torrent

Henry was about to go on when he heard a shout. The small boy had fallen in and was being swept toward the bridge. Henry threw off his overcoat and cap and dived into the raging torrent so that he might reach the child before he came to the arches. Somehow, he managed to seize the drowning boy, and he tucked one of his hands into his belt and struck out for the bank.

But the two boys were swept like corks 150 yards down the river.

On the bridge and on the banks many people watched the tremendous struggle. Henry was making to reach the bank, but the force of the torrent was so great that nobody dared jump in and help.

### Swept Beneath the Waters

Henry puffed and panted and went on swimming. When he was within two yards of the bank the small boy was swept beneath the water, but Henry was too exhausted to realise it.

He hardly knew how he reached the bank, and only after much difficulty were the onlookers able to pull him out. It was a terrible disappointment when Henry realised that his struggle had been in vain, and that he had not been able to save the boy, but it was a miracle that he also was not drowned.

To show their gratitude for his gallant act the parents of the drowned boy, with some of their friends, have presented Henry with a gold watch, and the other day he was awarded the Boys Brigade Cross for Heroism.

### SHANKS'S PONY

Pessimists have long prophesied that we should lose the use of our legs with the coming of the motor-car.

But walking is now even more popular than riding. No spot seems too distant or too difficult for the exploring foot of the Rambler. By Easter 1931 our Youth Hostels Association had five hostels; last Easter it had 100. There are 10,000 members, and the Scottish Association is equally strong. The Federation of Rambling Clubs, begun 27 years ago, has hundreds of branches; the Camping Club increases yearly. Scouts and Guides walk all the year round, and the country is full of private and individual groups, all taking their pleasure quietly.

Feet are in the fashion now.

### MACHINE-GROWN TEA

We do not associate tea with machinery, but very mechanical methods are being used for its cultivation on a larger scale for use in Russia.

The soil is first prepared with a machine called the gyrotillir. The whole of the cultivation of the land is done by machinery, and now a new machine has been invented which plucks the leaf.

Hand-picking still gives the best results, but of course the machine-picker is much quicker.

## BIGGEST FLOATING SCHOOL EVER KNOWN

### A Wonder Cruise in Real Life

### 1100 SCHOOLCHILDREN IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

Dreams come true more often than we think, and the C.N. idea of a School Ship has more than once come true. Now 1100 children of ages ranging from 9 to 17 have had a kind of adventure we associate only with fairy tales.

In the White Star liner Doric these 900 boys and 200 girls from secondary schools all over England set out from Liverpool for a Scholar's Wonder Cruise to Gibraltar, North Africa, and Portugal. They were in the charge of 300 parents and teachers.

Great scenes of enthusiasm there were when the shipload of delighted boys and girls left the quayside and shouted Goodbye to their envious friends! It was the largest floating school ever known.

Thrilling shore excursions were made at Gibraltar, Ceuta, Lisbon, and other places full of strange surprises not guessed at when one sees their names on the map.

### Something Like a Tuckshop

It was on a Sunday that they arrived at Gibraltar, and a service was held on the ship's sports deck in sight of the famous Rock.

To most of us a tuckshop might seem more attractive on land than at sea, but one of the lounges on the Doric was a popular place. It had been converted into a tuckshop, and the 1100 schoolchildren made short work of the ballast of 800 gallons of ice-cream, 40,000 wafers, 20,000 cones, 14,000 bottles of lemonade and gingerbeer, a ton of chocolates, a ton of toffee, and 14,000 oranges. There were 14,000 apples; and this never-to-be-forgotten cruise will be talked of for years to come as one of the jolliest school trips ever known.

## A BELL RINGING 1100 YEARS AGO

### A Link With Ireland's Early Christians

A handbell which was rung in the church at Omagh in Northern Ireland before the birth of Alfred has been restored to that church and is rung at its chief services after centuries of silence.

This bell is known as the Drumragh Bell, and when penal laws restricted Irish worship this bell was preserved in the McEnhill family, who have lived for generations in the neighbourhood.

Ireland is a land rich in memories. Among the most precious are those of the days before the Norman barons descended on her shores, when she enjoyed a rare culture and made great contributions to the religious and artistic life of Western Europe.

The Irish Church was then a force which spread Christianity far and wide; an independent force, too, for Papal authority was not recognised by its bishops until 100 years after the Norman Conquest.

While Bede was writing the Gospels for our people and Alfred giving laws and learning to England the Irish scholars were writing their books and the Irish craftsmen designing lovely works of art. Many of these are to be seen in the Royal Irish Academy at Dublin. The bell covers are very beautiful. St Patrick's bell and its cover are there, and may have been made at the same place as the Drumragh Bell.

## GOODENOUGH

### His Forgotten Story Recalled

### LAST HANDSHAKES ON AN OLD SHIP

Commodore Goodenough, a brilliant naval officer of Victorian times, whose portrait bust is in the Painted Gallery at Greenwich, is recalled by the death at Bath of Mr Frederick Fisher, a veteran naval pensioner.

Fred Fisher joined the Navy at 16, and three years later he made the long voyage to Australia in a wooden ship fitted with steam and sails, commanded by Commodore Goodenough. Their ultimate destination was Fiji, and he was present at the occupation of these islands in 1874, an important event in our history.

### The Fate of Captain Cook

Many a time he told his friends of the flight of King Thakombau from Fiji, and how he was recaptured.

Only a year later Commodore Goodenough met the same fate as Captain Cook. With some of his men he went ashore at Santa Cruz Island. While he was having a friendly chat with the natives an arrow flew through the air and pierced his side. Others followed, and some of his men were badly wounded.

Too late they realised the treachery of their pretended friends.

They made a rush for their boat, pushed it off, and hastily rowed to their ship. Although his wound was serious, Goodenough took command, and as he feared the arrows were poisoned he sensibly gave orders that the ship should make for the cooler South.

### A Beloved Commander

But two of his men died of their wounds, and he did not recover. Eight days later, on an August evening, when they were 500 miles off Sydney, he knew that he was dying. They laid him on the quarter-deck, and one by one his officers filed past him for a last handshake with their beloved commander.

The Goodenough Gold Medal was founded in memory of this distinguished commodore, who had many intellectual gifts, and could speak fluently in seven languages.

## SURPRISE ON SYDNEY BRIDGE

### A Shocking Affair

In addition to the tolls they lawfully take from motorists passing over Sydney Harbour Bridge toll-collectors have been receiving a series of electric shocks.

The riddle of the shocks has been explained by Dr Bradfield, the supervising engineer of the bridge. He finds that it is partly due to the purity of the atmosphere over the harbour.

Normally dust particles in the air form a passage to earth for the electricity escaping from car batteries, but as there is little or no dust over Sydney Harbour some of the escaping electricity becomes stored in the bodies of the motorists, unable to pass to earth through the rubber tyres. When the toll-collectors made contact with the motorists by taking the coins from their hands the electricity was able to go to earth through their bodies, giving the collectors a slight shock as it passed.

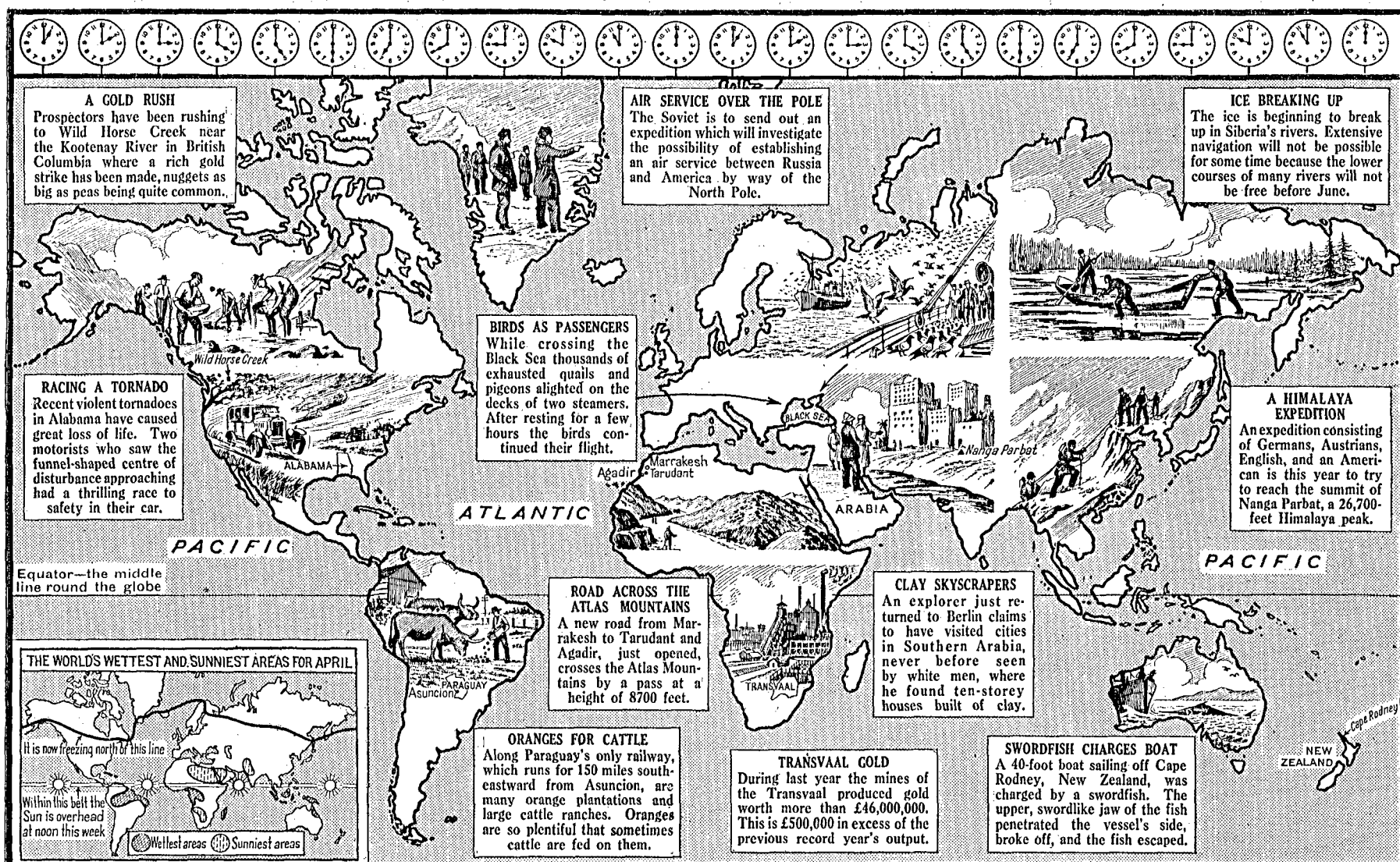
The toll-collectors will receive no more electric shocks for they are to be insulated by wearing rubber soles and heels on their shoes or by wearing rubber gloves.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Algeciras . . . . .	Al-je-see-ras
Barracuda . . . . .	Barra-koo-dah
Eleuthera . . . . .	E-lu-ther-ah
Tarudant . . . . .	Tah-roo-dahnt
Teplitz . . . . .	Tape-lits



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## THROWING AWAY HIS CRUTCHES Truth Will Out

A mere suggestion of dishonesty on his part was enough to make Herr Lotgen throw away his crutches.

He had limped into court at Cologne with their aid and kept them by his side while the witnesses for a German railway tried to prove that he did not need them.

Nearly thirty years before he had been in a railway accident, and all that time he had been drawing yearly compensation for a supposed concussion of the brain as a result of the accident.

He seemed never to get any better. Even the doctors said so. But the strangest thing about the concussion was that it did not seem to prevent him from carrying on his business in a very businesslike way.

He also continued to draw his annuity without fail, and at last the railway company, losing both patience and belief in Herr Lotgen, brought him into court on a charge of fraud.

He listened, apparently hearing little, and clutched his crutches in a helpless sort of way, till a writing expert gave evidence that his handwriting was that of a dishonest man.

This astounding suggestion was too much for Lotgen. He threw away his crutches, sprang to his feet, and tried to assault the expert.

The suggestion cured him immediately. It also, by its effects, committed him to gaol for fraud.

## DELIUS

One day a very small boy went to his mother and said: "Mother, I am going to make the name of Delius famous."

"Are you, dear?" said his mother incredulously. "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know," replied the small boy, "but I'm going to make it famous." He has.

## VILLAGES CUT OFF Help From the Skies

The heavy snows of the early spring cut off many Indian villages in the States of Arizona and New Mexico.

As if their plight were not already bad enough, bombing planes hovered threateningly overhead so that a man from Mars might have said that the Redskin and the Paleface were still at war with one another. But he would have been wrong. These army aeroplanes were merely replacing the grocer's boy.

Instead of destroying the defenceless inhabitants of the starving villages with explosives the bombers were dropping sacks of beans and sides of pork to succour them.

This was quite evidently a case of finding useful work for idle planes to do. In the war on needless suffering there is no need to outlaw the aggressor, and if everyone could be definitely assured that aeroplanes would never go out except on such errands as this the task before the Disarmament Conference would be a great deal easier.

## AN ENGINE MYSTERY The Man Who Lost His Train

A little time ago, as the express from Algeiras to Madrid was passing through the station of Despenaderos, the stoker noticed that the driver was no longer on the engine. He pulled up the train and a search was made without result. The stoker took the train on to Madrid, where he arrived much behind time.

Hours afterwards the missing driver turned up at the station of Santa-Cruz-de-Mudela, and asked whether the express from Algeiras had arrived all right in Madrid. When they reassured him about the safety of his train he said: "What a weight you have taken off my mind!"

But he has no idea as to how he found himself lying stretched out on the track. Three trains had passed within a few inches of his body.

## SNAPSHOTS IN THE DARK Bill Sikes Beware

Bill Sikes must shiver in his shoes.

Very soon this sort of thing will happen. He will enter a house at night without being seen, without setting off the burglar alarm; and he will remove the jewels from the safe with gloved hands. There will be no flash of light, no sound.

But the next morning he will be arrested.

The police evidence will be a photograph of Bill Sikes taken at the safe or the window.

Bill Sikes will have photographed himself in the dark.

Experiments at the Ilford Research Laboratories have led to the production of a plate which is sensitive to those infra-red light waves that are invisible to the human eye. The subject to be photographed is lit up by electric lamps screened by a coloured filter; but he is only lit up with invisible rays. The camera sees them, he does not.

It is pleasant to think that the camera which takes snapshots in the dark will be used for something pleasanter than burglar trapping. It will enable naturalists to make all sorts of delightful records of wild life.

## SHE WENT TO HEAR DICKENS

England has just lost a very old lady who was also a character.

We all bow meekly to the census officer; not so Mrs Arabella Bridgman, of Clewer, near Windsor, who used to write across the form: "I am now ten years older than when you took the census last time."

She defied age and infirmity as well as census officers. She signed her own cheques and ruled her own household (where she allowed no light except candles) till her death at 106.

Now there is probably no one living who can say: "The last time I went to town was to hear Charles Dickens give a public reading."

## A FARMER'S APPEAL TO THE TOWNSMAN

Be of Good Manners in the Country

Who will not sympathise with this gentle protest of a farmer, writing to The Times about the ways of the Townsman in the country?

It does not seem too much to ask the Townsman to remember his manners when he goes out among the fields.

The farm which I occupy is intersected by a road, a bridle-track, and a footpath, all of undeniable beauty. But beauty, apparently, is not enough. Our roadside fields are habitually used as garbage dumps and lavatories; others are galloped over by horsemen who cannot or will not control their hirelings; small tools, such as plough spanners and whetstones (which are of much more than cash value to the farmworker), are stolen with incredible rapidity; and nearly a dozen fine ewes have died in lambing owing almost entirely to the attentions of irresponsible dogs.

Is it any wonder that countrymen of all classes are beginning to regard the pleasure-seeking townsman with a contempt that is not far removed from open hostility? Will it come in time to barbed-wire fences and armed guards?

Many will urge that they at least do no harm. But surely it is the countryman who has the best qualification, as well as the best right, to decide the matter. How many of us would care to see large parties of perfect strangers making free of our private gardens, digging up plants, scattering rubbish, and turning dogs loose for "a good run round." Yet this is precisely what a considerable section of the holiday-making community thinks it has a divine right to do in the farmer's fields and the landowner's coverts.

Is it too much to ask the townsman to respect the rights and the property of those who live and work in the countryside through which he walks, rides, or motors?



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 16 1932

## One More Winter

ONE more winter is passing away. Let us remember, what we often forget, that winter is well worth having.

It is the proper background of spring and summer, the needful preliminary to the thrill of appreciation when the Sun begins to shine. Lands that have no winter have no spring. They can never know the joy and wonder of this happy time.

But winter is more than a background. She has gifts and revelations all her own.

In some ways we come to know trees, as we come to know wild creatures, more intimately in winter than in summer. Winter reveals them nakedly, oak and ash, birch and beech, sycamore and elm. We see them bole and branch, twig and bud, for every species has its own form; nor are trees of the same species ever quite alike. There is individuality, too, in the waiting buds, the buds of the ash that resemble specks of soot, the thick gummy buds of the horse-chestnut, the brown pin-head buds of the oak.

And on a frosty morning, with the dawn behind them, how exquisite are the trees! They are never more beautiful than in winter. A clump of silver birches in winter-time, their dark trunks rising out of the snow, the setting Sun filling the tree spaces with mystic light, the snow glisteningly radiant with the light on it: how lovely a spectacle it is!

Truly there is much going on in Nature, much to observe and enjoy, in winter once we strike the trail. In a sense winter has an advantage over summer in that it gives *not too much*. Summer may distract by the abundance of her gifts; she may blind by her excess of beauty as by her excess of light. Did not Whittier close his eyes before the varied splendour of summer? Winter gives less. Observation is easier. Things stand out in greater isolation. It is less difficult to see the single fact.

Winter also reminds us that it is not good for life to be played upon by one set of forces. Without winter our national character would not be what it is. Cold hardens and challenges. Languor and listlessness go at a touch of frost, acting like a tonic.

And against the background of winter some mercies shine with added lustre. Winter offers a chance to cultivate the home and the home spirit. The closed door and the lighted lamp are priceless opportunities for enriching the mind. Winter, too, offers a chance to cultivate and express the kindly charities of life. Set right in the heart of it is the divine spirit of charity, pointing out the way. It is bitter days that stir our sympathies and compassions. Let us be thankful for Winter.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## News From the Kitchen

HERE is the latest news from the kitchen that has come our way. They are both true stories of new cooks.

*Number One* asked her mistress if she would mind her serving the sauce separate from the cauliflower, as she did not like it.

*Number Two* took the joint for dinner, put it on the scales, found it was five-and-a-half, and so put it in the oven at half-past five.

## Something That Cheers Us Up

A MUNICIPAL councillor in Paris has been recommending open-air concerts to cheer people up. He says that songs have always had a healthy influence on the spirit of France.

This councillor points out that everything should be done to encourage those people who entertain at street corners and set the passers-by whistling and singing.

The idea might well be carried out in London too; for what little good music is heard in the streets of England! A street singer here is proverbially poor and down-at-heel, to whom pennies are given out of pity.

Might not a little band here and there of good, gay music and singing in these days help to put gaiety and goodwill into people's hearts?

## Rosalind

THE neat retort seems rare nowadays, but we were refreshed to hear the other day of one made long ago.

When the baby daughter of a distinguished man was about to be christened the clergyman asked the name. Rosalind, said the father. Rosalind, Rosalind, Rosalind, was the bewildered reply. The clergyman had never heard of such a name; how did they spell it?

Oh, said the mother, *As You Like It*.

## Common Sense

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI has once more taken the opportunity to point out that if the nations of the world refuse to trade with each other the world must stagnate.

The policy of Italy concerning tariffs has now been declared on liberal lines. The Italian Government has expressed the view that as soon as debts and reparations are settled the nations must revise their tariffs, which should not be based on exclusive lines. It is further declared that the present obstructions to trade prolong and intensify the Depression.

This is common sense; and we hope that, while doing everything in its power to stimulate British industry, our own Government will strive to bring about freer trade. By no other means can the world regain its strength.

*At present the nations are engaged in ruining each other, each nation telling its people to have nothing to do with the other!*

## A Tale of a Pie

WE can never get far away from the kindness of this world.

The latest story of our theory that this is the kindest world that ever was comes from Strood near Rochester, where a chauffeur was kept waiting an hour outside a house. Across the road was an attractive little shop with meat pies and cakes. There was something else in the shop too—a woman with a warm heart, who took a pie across to the chauffeur, thinking he had had no tea.

He had had his tea and has forgotten all about it, but he will not forget the lady of the shop, her kindly heart, and her good meat pie.

## Tip-Cat

IT is almost impossible to sleep at a height of 23,000 feet, says a mountaineer. Surely you can just drop off.

THERE is to be a baking exhibition. We hope the bread will rise to the occasion.

A COLCHESTER man boasts that he is the first person to be stung by a wasp this year. Must have made his head swell.

## Peter Puck Wants to Know



If we want more wreckless drivers

MORE girls are going in for swimming. Not much good going in if they can't.

A RACING motorist has discarded hats. But he keeps his head.

NOTE to Prosperity. Come back home; all is forgiven.

PETER PUCK would like to know if a tariff is to be put on Turkish baths?

HOME life in this country is a sound institution, says a writer. Especially since the arrival of the loud-speaker.

To a correspondent. We are sorry we do not know where you can get a permanent shave.

TROUSERS are not to be creased any more, we read in a fashion paper. Now we shall all be smart.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE Trent toll bridge at Gainsborough is now free to all.

MIDDLESEX CITY COUNCIL is forbidding the loud-speaker nuisance in shops and public places.

BRAZIL is returning to Constitutional Government after 18 months of Dictatorship.

## JUST AN IDEA

*The task before us now is to go out into all the world and preach the gospel of the League unto all nations.*

## The Music of the Birds

As airmen travel from a foreign shore

We too return with homing spring once more

Over the waves that lash the wild grey seas:

Soon will the blackcap's song break through the trees.

PATIENT, O England! Soon will sound the lark!

Soon, soon the nightingale will wake the dark;

Brown wrens and warblers too will chant again,

And songs of blackbirds sound in each green lane.

SURELY as sundown paths lead into night;

Surely as roads of darkness lead to light,

Or as the tide turns beating to the shore,

The music of the birds will come once more. Marjorie Wilson

## The Great Actress Arrives

By the Look-About Lady

"YES, the great actress is coming to lunch with us."

Such were the words that greeted me on my arrival at my friend's flat, and a pile of new photographs of the talented woman, the latest pet of the critics, were thrust into my hands.

Every eyelash seemed to have been touched in. She was photographed in her very latest success, dressed in lace, a creature of beauty, fire, and dew. We gazed at the door, waiting for the entry of a fairy princess.

Instead, rushed in a lady with large horn spectacles, a humorous face, nothing particular in the way of eyelashes, wearing a businesslike dress of knitwear. "I thought I shouldn't get here at all," she cried. "The rehearsal nearly collapsed because the new-recruit from Ireland proved so terribly nervous. I had to be a mother to her all morning. She's better now. How do you do?"

And we realised as we shook hands that here was not merely a fascinating artiste, but a practical human being, full of unselfishness.

## A Little One's Prayer

Lord, teach a little child to pray,  
And, oh, accept my prayer.  
Thou hearest all the words I say,  
For Thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow cannot fall  
Unnoticed, Lord, by Thee;  
And though I am so young and small,  
Thou carest still for me.

Teach me to do what'er is right,  
And when I sin, forgive;  
And make it still my chief delight  
To love Thee while I live.

## Up and Doing

Not enjoyment and not sorrow  
Is our destined end or way!  
But to act that each tomorrow  
Finds us farther than today.  
Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.

Longfellow



April 16, 1962

## The Children's Newspaper

7

## 60 MEN IN KENYA

DARK STORY FROM  
DARKEST AFRICAWhat Lies Behind the Dangling  
Doll in a Motor-Car

## SAVAGES AND WITCHES

Sixty natives of the Wakamba tribe in East Africa were recently condemned to death for what seemed to them, in their superstition, no crime.

The tale of their misdoing is an example of the problems the Empire has to face in dealing with these savage people, of whom it has been said that they are "half-devil and half-child."

A poor old woman of the tribe had the reputation of being a witch. The belief in witches has not died out altogether in England in some country districts, where old people have told us of older people still whom they knew and who were accounted witches.

But in Kenya and in other places in Africa the belief takes a darker tinge. There to many ignorant tribes witchcraft is a reality, sometimes to be called upon for aid and sometimes to be punished as a wickedness.

## A Tragic Sequel

The old woman of the Wakambas was accused of having cast a spell on a native's wife. She does not seem to have denied it, and when the man bade her remove the spell she declared that she should remove only half of it.

Such was the testimony offered to the British court of justice by the Wakamba man, and anybody conversant with African superstitions and practices will credit the evidence, because the old woman may have not been unwilling to keep her reputation as a witch of magic powers.

But the sequel was tragic to the last degree. The man, when his wife did not recover, summoned the tribe to punish the witch for her spells and her refusal to lift them. They visited her, and again she refused. They beat her with sticks, and she died.

## Tribal Law

For that reason sixty men of the tribe, and ten boys who had joined them in this murderous discipline, were charged with the crime of the old woman's death. None pleaded innocence. The plea of all was that they had only acted according to tribal law in dealing with an offending witch.

The Wakamba tribe is one in which the belief in witchcraft is strong. Their crime in our law was merely the dispensation of justice in their own.

British administrators in East Africa, and also in West Africa, are continually faced with these superstitions about the powers of witches and medicine men, and there is actually in Kenya a Witchcraft Ordinance, which imposes heavy sentences of imprisonment on those who pretend to practise it.

## An Effective Warning

The sentence of death passed on all those who took part in the attack on the old woman will, of course, not be carried out. If it were, a greater crime, a worse injustice, would be committed, for these superstitious black people know not what they do. Nevertheless the sentence will be an effective warning and a check on superstition.

Not the same excuse as these poor people have those silly folk in our own land who imitate in foolish ways these superstitions which in Africa have such dire consequences. The idiotic superstition of hanging dolls as mascots in cars does not lead to crime, but superstition of any kind is a crime of the spirit, which should be exorcised among white people before they condemn it in blacks. Behind every one of these dangling dolls is the absurd idea that such a thing can drive away evil. It is nothing, we may say; but it is everything, for it is a question of whether we believe in reason or not.

## THREE BRAVE MEN

THE other day a South London magistrate said that his work showed him more than people would believe of the goodness of life.

Instead of feeling depressed by his days in the police court he is uplifted by the tales of courage and cheerfulness that he hears. He is very proud of South-East London.

These things were part of the speech he made when he presented testimonials of the Royal Humane Fund and cheques for £10 each to John Neill, John Chapman, and Thomas Barrett the other day.

A man named Barnett was backing his lorry out of a wharf when it crashed through some railings and was quickly submerged in the Grand Surrey Canal.

Barnett was washed out of the lorry, and appeared in the middle of the canal, where the water is 14 feet deep.

Chapman and Barrett, seeing that he could not swim, jumped in to help; but Chapman was drawn down to the sunken lorry and held there for a time. Barrett reached the lorry driver, who struggled in his panic, and struck his rescuer such a violent blow that he was knocked half senseless. Luckily he was pulled out.

In spite of the obvious dangers of trying to help Barnett, a third man now jumped in. John Neill reached the lorry driver just as he sank, and brought him safely to the side.

That is the sort of stuff South-East Londoners are made of.

## A WONDERFUL LITTLE RUNNER



Ready for the start



A ten-year-old Poplar boy, Bert Hutchinson, has made quite a name for himself as a runner, having had an unbeaten record last year. In these pictures he is seen in training for the coming season with his little brother Harry and a sixteen-year-old friend, Thomas Heather, who is also a sprinter of great promise.

## TRAFFIC CONTROLLING ITSELF

LONDON'S traffic is being taught to control itself.

At a busy crossing in the City new electric signals have been installed. In each of the four roads leading to the crossing is a section of roadway made of rubber composition. Beneath this is an electric apparatus, which in turn is connected with a control box from which are operated red and green lights at the crossing.

Normally the lights change at one-minute intervals, allowing traffic to pass North and South while holding up that going East and West. But if during that minute no traffic passes over the rubber strip for a period of five seconds the electric apparatus changes

the lights, showing red for North and South traffic and green for East and West. Thus unnecessary hold-ups are avoided.

Liverpool has a somewhat similar idea in operation for places where no electricity is available and where traffic is lighter.

A sensitive plate is let into the roadway and when a vehicle passes over this it causes a warning sound to be made at the cross-roads some little distance away, or at a dangerous bend. The apparatus is worked mechanically, and at night is made to operate red and green signals in front of gas or oil lamps.

These are but two of the new ideas which are helping to make our roads safer.

THE MAN WHO  
PLAYED THE GAME  
LORD HARRIS, KING OF  
KENT CRICKETA Fine Old English Gentleman  
and His Proud Fame

## MESSAGE TO YOUNG ENGLAND

Kent was proud of Lord Harris, who fell asleep in his chair and did not wake again, for he had been the mainspring of Kent cricket for nearly half a century.

England was proud of him too, and India remembered him with grateful esteem. He taught it to play the game.

That was the motto of Lord Harris's long and useful life. He was Governor of Bombay in a less unrestful period of its history than at present, and was a great success as an administrator, because he brought to his duties such a robust common sense. He was, even in India, the Kent squire whose greatest interest was the well-being of the tenantry. Consequently he gave first-aid to Indian agriculture and raised the standard of sanitation.

## The True John Bull

Troubles in some of the small Indian States under his sphere of influence melted away in the presence of a Governor so sane and practical. The secret of his success was that he gave young Indian manhood something else to think about besides politics. He gave them cricket. The first match between the Bombay Presidency and the Parsees was inaugurated by him.

It led to the first visit of an English cricket team to India, and we may attribute to Lord Harris the cricketer the development there of the game which has produced the great Ranjitsinhji to play for England, and Dulcepsinhji and the Nawab of Pataudi to follow him along the crease.

We often see caricatures of John Bull which grossly misrepresent him, but we think that a man like Lord Harris was the true John Bull, a lover of his country's national game, but concerned above all to play the game fairly in all that he undertook.

Right to the last of his more than eighty years he continued to interest himself in affairs, and was a most powerful directing influence on the progress and changes in the game that he loved. It was not without cause that he was called the Nestor of cricket.

## An Honourable Game

He had been ill for some time, but seemed to be recovering and was about the house again. His passing was marked by the serenity which all would have wished for this much-beloved man, for he was sitting by the fire of his room in his lovely house on the North Downs when the end came quietly and painlessly.

In a letter written a year ago he advised the young people growing up to get all the cricket they could, saying:

*You do well to love it, for it is more free from anything sordid, anything dishonourable, than any game in the world. To play it keenly, honourably, generously, self-sacrificingly, is a moral lesson in itself, and the classroom is God's air and sunshine.*

None had a better claim to send such a message to Young England than this great cricketer and great English gentleman, for all his life he played the game.

## THE LEAGUE'S LIBRARY

The new home of the League of Nations will have 35 miles of bookshelves.

The library will have ten floors, and between 400 and 500 tons of steel will be used in the making of the Bookstack, as the shelving is called. There will be room for a million volumes, and the cost will be about £50,000.



## SPRING CLEANING AT THE ZOO

### THE BEAVERS GET TO WORK

The Grass That Disappeared  
in the Night

### A LITTLE GAME WITH THE KEEPERS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

A few days before Easter a cheerful omen of winter's departure was observed at the Zoo when the Canadian beavers started their annual spring cleaning.

Owing to their natural instinct for building these energetic animals find it essential to carry out extensive improvements in the menagerie accommodation, and every spring, when they feel that warm weather is coming, it is their practice to destroy the results of their past labours and begin the work of reconstructing all over again.

#### Improving Man's Handiwork

They live in a good-sized enclosure furnished with a pond, in the centre of which there is a hollow rock. The interior of this rock is intended by the Zoo to be used as a sleeping-den and hiding-place; but the beavers do not consider this arrangement altogether satisfactory. They carefully seal every hole (except, of course, the one they keep as their front door) and every crack in the rock with a plaster of mud and twigs to make sure that their island home is water-tight, and build log bridges from the island to the mainland. But they use this dwelling merely as a sort of country cottage, for their real home is a subterranean den.

This den was excavated by the beavers themselves. It is beautifully lined with a mixture of mud and grass, which is patted so often and so firmly that it is as smooth and solid as plaster.

On the arrival of every springtime they pull down all these mud plasters and begin the work of rebuilding.

#### Love of Clean Water

They always start their spring cleaning on clean water day; for, though their clearing-up makes the pond very dirty, they have a rooted objection to beginning their labours unless the water is perfectly clear. Everything goes into the water, even if they have to push it right across their enclosure.

As soon as the clearing-out is done the reconstructing operations begin, but these are always half-hearted until the Zoo's gardeners arrive and try to give the enclosure a smart spring-like appearance by planting new grass sods.

But the work done by the men by day is undone by the beavers overnight! For as soon as the grass has been planted the beavers carry it off to line their den or plaster up cracks in their rock.

Last spring a load of turf was stolen by the animals before the gardeners managed to make any impression on the enclosure. It was useless to cover the grass with netting, for the beavers upset this by pulling it all up!

## BOOKS BY THE MILLION Our County Libraries

The Library Association has just published its report on the County Libraries, and well may the Carnegie Trustees be congratulated on their work in fostering so healthy a child.

The growth of these libraries is astonishing. The largest centres, those dealing with more than 2000 books, have increased in the last year from 47 to 103, and those with more than 1000 books have leaped from 114 to 188.

There are now about 1,105,000 borrowers of County Library books in England and 105,000 in Scotland; and in the whole of this country 1,300,000 people last year borrowed 30,000,000 books from a stock of 3,500,000.

## THE BATTLE OF THE ROADS

### Worse Than Our Wars Against Napoleon

#### TERRIBLE FACTS OF PEACE

The Home Secretary has done a great service by directing attention to the fact that in the last ten years 45,000 people have been killed on our roads.

*A remarkable way of looking at the subject is to realise that we now destroy on our roads in three years more British lives than were lost in our wars against Napoleon.*

One of our recent big wars was in South Africa. It lasted four years, and the number of people killed on both sides was 20,000. Indeed, even with the most deadly weapons invented, it takes a great deal of ammunition and a vast amount of fighting to kill 45,000 men.

Then there are the wounded. In the last ten years the number of people more or less seriously hurt in road accidents has been about 1,250,000. Among these are thousands who today lack a leg or a hand, or are badly disfigured.

#### Case of the Pedestrian

If we take last year alone there were 200,000 road casualties, of which one in every 25 was fatal.

About half the accidents are suffered by pedestrians or pedal cyclists. The other half are suffered by the motorists themselves.

The fact that so many motorists are killed and injured disposes of the cry that it is the pedestrian's own fault if he is hurt. The typical road accident has now become one in which motorists themselves are involved.

It is not uncommon to read of the collision of two or three vehicles resulting in the death or injury of a group of motorists.

The case of the pedestrian is particularly hard, because if the father of a family is knocked down and killed by a car his family is in the serious position of having to prove negligence on the part of the motorist before they can get compensation. In many cases that is a practical impossibility.

#### Question of Compensation

Some people suggest, therefore, that if a person lawfully using a road is injured by a motor-vehicle he should be entitled to compensation from the motorist causing the injury unless he himself caused the accident by his own want of care or by his own misconduct.

We are inclined to support this proposal because we feel sure that it would make motorists more careful.

Certainly we ought to do something to remove the reproach that since the war there have occurred on our British roads half as many casualties as we suffered in the war.

## A TENTH OF HIS WEALTH

Happily not all millionaires are bound in the fetters of their millions.

John Henry Keene of Chelmsford lived so quietly and modestly in his home that only himself and his wife knew that he was a millionaire. Only his friends and his fellow-directors of the Pearl Assurance Company recognised him as a wealthy man.

Thirty years before he died he made a will leaving everything to his wife, and he never made another. But he had always wished that after his death charities should benefit by some part of his wealth.

When he became a millionaire he changed neither his way of living nor his will. His wife knew that neither had he changed his intentions.

He trusted her, and the first thing she did was worthy of his trust. She gave a tenth of his wealth, a sum amounting to £100,000, to charities.

## WONDERFUL LITTLE MOTHER

### The Courage of Mary Gomm

#### KEEPING THE HOME GOING

Mary Gomm must have felt like the old woman who lived in a shoe when her mother died last January and she was left to look after the family of nine.

But though she had so many children she knew what to do, and she struggled hard to keep them comfortable. There was not too much money to buy food while her father was out of work.

Nobody would have heard of her courage if it had not been for the fact that her family was too large and she was unable to supervise all the children at once. For they are of all ages, and the youngest is only 18 months.

One day lately her brothers got into mischief. They discovered a toy motor-car and a scooter in a shed in Maida Vale and brought them home.

#### Kindly Justice

Mary found the scooter in the passage, and when she saw the little ones playing with the toy motor she asked who had given it to them. The answer seemed satisfactory, and, as she was very busy, she forgot the matter. But the police discovered the theft and Mary was brought before the magistrates on a charge of receiving the toys.

Law and justice may be stern to some people, but we are glad that Mary found only kind people in the police court. The magistrate accepted her explanation and discharged her without a stain on her character.

Her father said "She is a wonderful girl," and the magistrate said much the same thing.

The C.N. says so too, and wishes her a long and happy life.

## MOVING A CHURCH OUT OF TOWN

### Solving a Suburban Problem

A church in which Charles Gounod listened to his lovely anthems is to be moved from Marylebone and rebuilt at Kingsbury, seven miles away.

Now it serves a parish of 500: in its new position it will serve 10,000.

St Andrew's, Wells Street, was built in 1847, when Marylebone was itself a suburb of London. The church contains many features admired by those who do not disdain the Gothic revivalists of the last century. The font, the fine reredos, and the stained windows will be set up again in the rebuilt church, and will appear to greater advantage in the light which will play freely round the new site.

The old site will be sold and the money will go to the cost of removing this church to Kingsbury.

There is a great need for new places of worship in the rapidly growing districts round London; many an empty church or chapel in the heart of London could enter upon a new era of service if removed in this bold way. *Picture on page 9*

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE

When Father receives his next income-tax paper his mind will perhaps go back to Mr Justice Rowlatt.

Mr Justice Rowlatt has just retired from the King's Bench Division, where his straightforwardness and kindness no less than his profound knowledge of taxation law endeared him to the Bar.

In his last case he fired a parting shot at a clause in one of these laws. The draughtsman who drew it up, said Mr Justice Rowlatt, had not looked at what he was writing, but had construed the words after some dim fancy floating in his brain.

The C.N. has often observed the same thing about the instructions to income-tax payers in the assessment papers.

## DISCOVERIES IN THE HOLY LAND

### THE LOAVES AND FISHES IN A MOSAIC

A Church of 1600 Years Ago  
and Scarabs Twice as Old

#### WHEN JOSHUA LIVED

Excavations in the Holy Land are revealing many things which throw light on the early days of both Jews and Christians in that land of memories.

The early Christians have been recalled by the uncovering near Tiberias of a church built in the reign of Constantine. Here has been found a mosaic panel showing a basket, loaves of bread, and two fishes. This group is symbolical of the miracle Jesus is recorded by St Luke to have wrought close to the spot at which this church stood.

Another mosaic depicting storks and other birds lies on the floor. This is 15 feet by 21, and is one of the best preserved floors found in Palestine.

The other discovery takes us back to Joshua, the great leader who succeeded Moses. Pottery and scarabs have been found at Jericho, and have enabled Professor Garstang to establish that Jericho was sacked by the Children of Israel in the year 1407 B.C.

#### Pharaoh of the Exodus

Now Sir Flinders Petrie, the great authority on Egypt, has calculated that Amenhotep the Second became Pharaoh in 1447 B.C. He was the Pharaoh of the Exodus. The 40 years between these two dates may very well represent the wanderings of the Israelites in the Desert.

Further exploration in Jericho may reveal another historic link of great interest to lovers of the Bible.

There have been found at Tel-el-Amarna tablets from the rulers of the towns of Palestine imploring Pharaoh urgently to send them aid against the Habiru invaders. Other old records prove that Habiru is the same as Hebrews; and if only a reply from Pharaoh to the Tel-el-Amarna appeal can be found in the debris of Jericho the evidence confirming the fact and period of the capture of Jericho by the Israelites will be complete.

## ROOKERY NOOKS

### News From a Hopfield

The other day a motorist in Kent noticed a field in which hundreds of rooks were sitting silent and motionless.

They had obviously met together for some important purpose, and were doing a little community thinking.

Was it a meteorological gathering, called to determine whether nests should be built high this year in view of a fine summer; or, as recommended by the delegate from Iceland, kept low within the shelter of the branches?

Or was it an Anti-Litter Meeting about to be addressed by the Chief Rook on the Need for Tidier Nests and Less Loose Twigs?

Whatever it was the conference lasted for some time; and another motorist in Kent a few days later found what may have been a branch meeting in progress. In the meantime, however, it appears that there had been complaints about the draughty field, the bad seating accommodation, and the fact that the speakers could not be heard, for this second meeting was being held in a specially prepared field and each rook had a raised seat to himself.

It was a hopfield, and there they were scores and scores of birds, a solemn rook on the top of nearly every pole. The motorist had to hurry past, for again he had come upon them at their moment for community thinking; had he stayed his laughter at the comical sight they presented might have broken up the meeting.

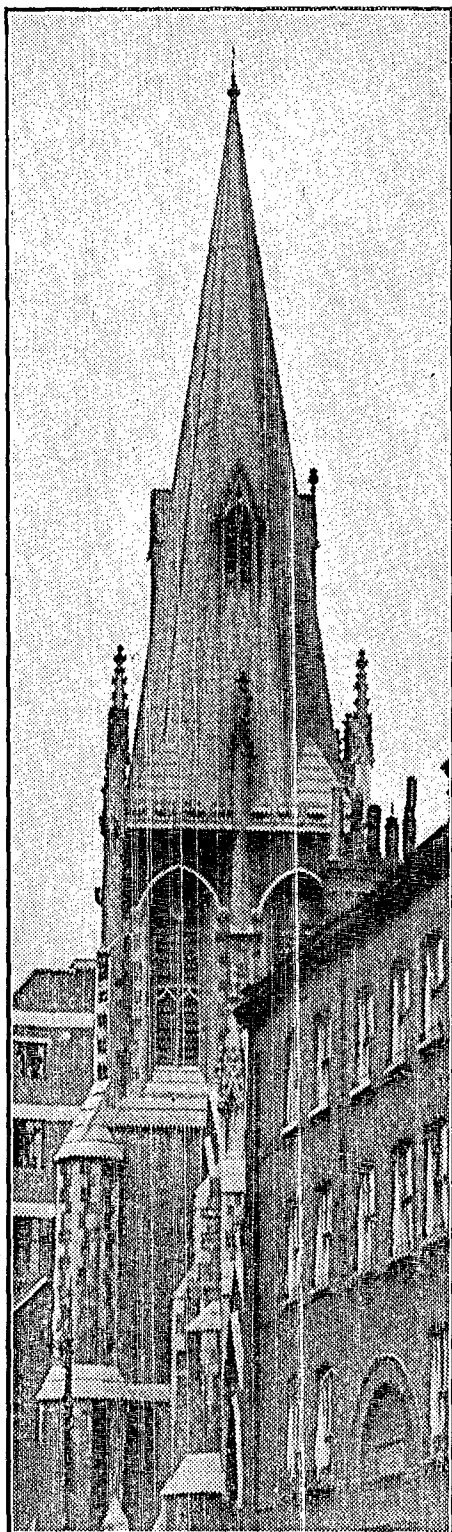


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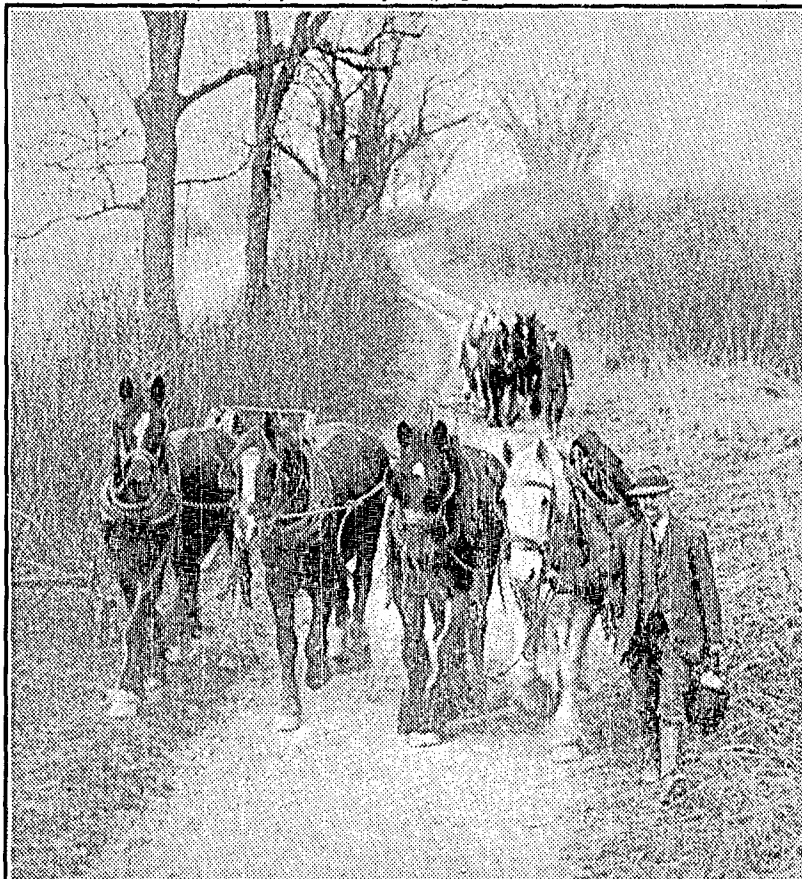
# A SHAM CASTLE • REMARKABLE DOLL'S HOUSE • CLOCK THAT TALKS



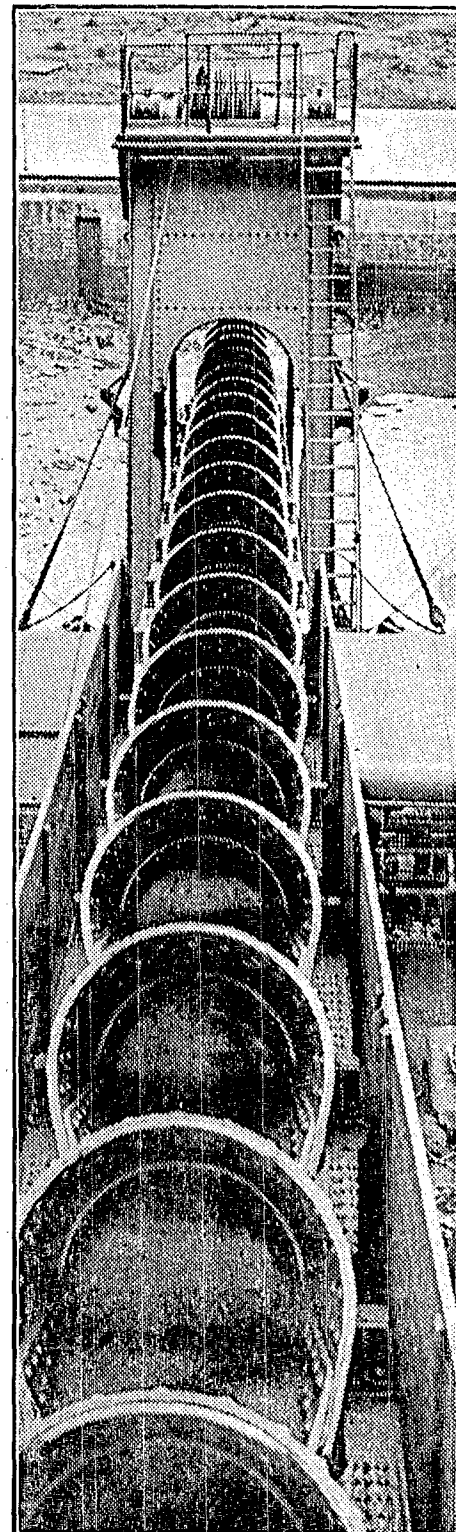
Church to be Moved—St Andrew's Church in Marylebone is to be demolished and rebuilt at Kingsbury, seven miles away. See page 8.



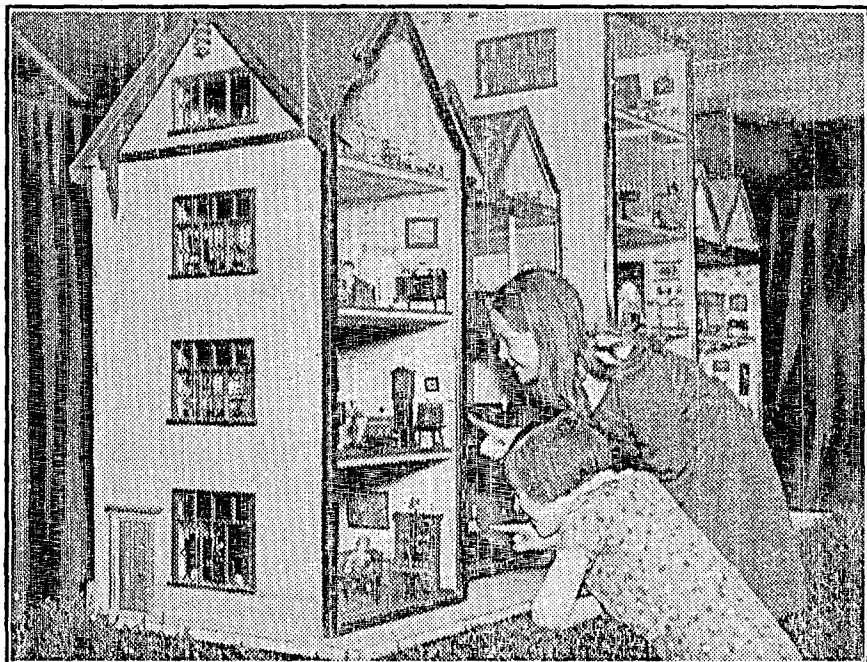
A Remarkable Sham—Thousands of people have looked at this structure from the streets of Bath and wondered what it is. It is not what it pretends to be, but is merely a sham castle front put up by somebody long ago who wished to relieve the skyline.



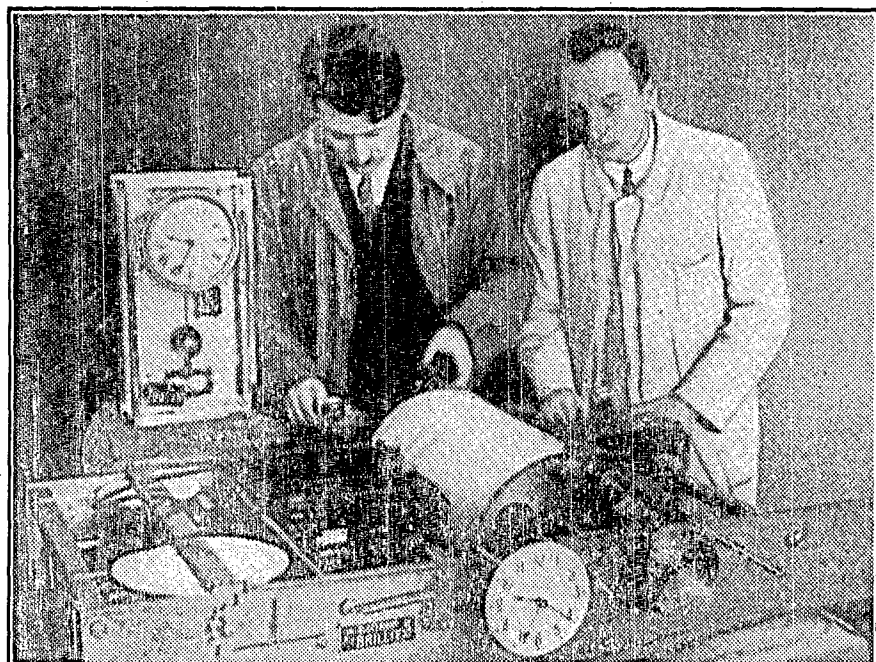
The Day's Work Done—This is a busy time in the countryside, with sowing and other preparations for crops in progress. Our picture was taken near Ramsbury as the teams returned from a long day's work on the Wiltshire hills.



What is This?—Looking down on the bucket-chain of a new dredger that has just come to London for work at dock entrances.



A Doll's Mansion—A remarkable 18-room doll's house has been on show at a shop in Oxford Street in aid of charities. These little visitors are inspecting the rooms, in some of which there are ornaments and working models of clocks that are 200 years old.



A Talking Clock—This extraordinary clock has been installed at the Paris Observatory. When people telephone to ask the time they hear a voice, which is recorded on the big cylinder. The time is announced at intervals of ten seconds.



## LANCASHIRE'S LOST MARKET

### INDIA AND COTTON

Very Serious Question Arising When India "Buys Indian"

### OUR CHIEF CUSTOMER GONE

The depression in the Lancashire cotton industry has been due in no small part to a vast change in the great Indian market.

Before the war India was the biggest consumer of cotton goods in all the world. The needs of her vast population of over 300 millions were met partly by her own handlooms, for every Indian village has one or more weavers. Mostly these make coarse goods, but some of them weave lovely fine cloths. India has also modern cotton mills in Bombay and elsewhere, and by 1914 India had become the fourth cotton manufacturing country in the world.

### Great Imports From England

Besides making 683 million pounds of cotton yarn India imported 44 million pounds, mostly from England.

In cotton cloths, in addition to producing 1164 million yards, India imported nearly 3200 million yards, nearly all from this country.

So that India was our chief cotton customer. Before the war we exported £100,000,000 worth of cotton goods to all countries, and of this India took over a third.

Before 1914 there had already arisen in India the Swadeshi movement, which in effect meant Buy Indian, just as our own trade crusade means Buy British. After the war this was accentuated, and imported goods were boycotted. This campaign against imported goods, which mainly meant against British goods, became very serious in 1930.

### The Present Position

Then there were taxation changes. The Government of India in 1923 decided to protect Indian industry against imports, and the Indian cotton duties have since been raised considerably. The import duty on British cotton goods now amounts to about a fourth of their value.

The imports of yarn into India last year fell as a consequence to 29 million pounds, and the imports of cotton piece goods to 890 million yards, an enormous reduction. Unfortunately the latest monthly returns show a further great reduction.

The present position is both difficult and obscure. The British exporter has to meet in the Indian market not only the protected Indian home industry and the strong feeling which has been raised by incitements to boycott, but also Japanese competition in cheap goods.

### What Is To Be Expected

Wise observers pointed out long ago that it was quite impossible for us to keep on preaching that the British cotton industry needed protection without preaching the same doctrine to the Indian people. We cannot ourselves expect to urge our own people to Buy British and yet blame the Indian people for saying Buy Indian. These are matters in which common sense does not rule, and in which it is impossible to make prophecy as to what is likely to happen. Certainly it seems that in future we must expect the greater part of the Indian market for cottons to be supplied by the Indian mills and the Indian village spinners and weavers.

### ONE MORE PROOF

Miss Jane Addams has given her share of the Nobel Peace Prize to the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom—one more proof that she was the right person to be chosen for the honour.

## SPRING IN PARIS

### Balzac's Good Idea Come True

### THE LITTLE BOATS ON THE SEINE

From a Paris Correspondent

There are several ways of knowing when spring has come to Paris.

First the mimosa, the daffodils, and the anemones begin to blossom bravely on the flower-stalls, even when they still run the risk of being frozen stiff. A few days later the little shawls begin to disappear from the heads of the old women, windows burst open to the sunshine, hoops and tops come out in the parks, and the sausage and old iron fairs fill great stretches of the outer boulevards with throngs of laughing loiterers out to breathe the air and taste the sausages and, if possible, pick up an unimaginable bargain among the astonishing collection of Everything-on-Earth at the rubbish fair.

But surest of all the signs of spring is the appearance upon the Seine of the little excursion boats called *bateaux mouches*. Every year for 65 years these boats have plied their way up and down the lovely river, carrying Parisians for a few sous for a day in the country, a visit to Sèvres, or a walk in the park of St Cloud.

### The Emperor of Finance.

It was Balzac who first proposed that the river be put to use in this way. Like other authors before and since Balzac was in constant need of money and had many good ideas for making it which were often carried out later by someone else. Nearly a century ago he wrote to the banker Rothschild: "I have a fruitful idea to submit to the Emperor of Finance. Until now, for some reason, Paris has not thought of making capital out of her river as a means of passenger transport. There is a fortune to be made out of it, and I don't mind telling you that I should not object if a good part of this fortune were to come to me, and, at the same time, a little to yourself."

It was not until 30 years later that this excellent idea was put into operation, and then not by Balzac or his friend the banker. The little boats now carry over three million passengers a year during the six months while they chug their way up and down the winding river, landing passengers at wharves almost as frequent as tram stops, some of which bear such alluring names as Tuileries, Concorde, and Notre Dame.

## THE IRON NATIONS

### We Are Fifth on the List

We now know how much iron was made in the world last year and where it was made. The important facts are, giving the figures roundly in tons:

United States .. .. .	18,275,000
France .. .. .	8,085,000
Germany .. .. .	5,966,000
Russia (estimated) .. .. .	5,200,000
Great Britain .. .. .	3,758,000
Belgium .. .. .	3,180,000
Luxemburg .. .. .	2,020,000
Saar District .. .. .	1,491,000

Total 47,975,000

This total shows almost the whole of the world's iron production, the smaller producers accounting for very little.

We see that we now take fifth place, which is very remarkable; we made hardly more iron than little Belgium!

The Saar output is really German, being temporarily cut off from Germany by the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. The aggregate world figure is very disappointing, for it represents only about half of the capacity of the world's furnaces. The fact is a great test of world activity, for when the world is not using plenty of iron we may be sure that its general output is poor.

## THE NURSERY AT SEA

### A Great Liner Gives a Children's Party

By One Who Was There

Many a stately ship or pirate boat has sailed a nursery floor, with table upturned, an old sheet tied to one of the legs, and a young but willing crew.

Now the tables have been turned again, and we find the nursery in the ship. Here is a delightful description of a great liner's nursery, sent us by a correspondent who has not yet had time to forget those days when she herself was captain, cook, and boatswain too.

When I journeyed to New York on one of the great liners it was a source of keen regret that my age debarred me from being a member of the happy family in the Children's Nursery.

It was a spacious room, with large windows overlooking the main promenade deck. The walls were decorated with a hand-painted frieze showing the story of Peter Pan. There were sets of miniature chairs and tables round which parties of three or four would sit for a game of Snap or Snakes and Ladders. Railway lines and tunnels and clockwork trains were on the floor, and a large rocking-horse and two rocking-boats.

### Musical Chairs

I chanced to be passing the nursery one afternoon and saw through the low glass door a game of musical chairs in progress to the tune of Oranges and Lemons on the gramophone. I suppose my face must have worn an expression similar to that of the small boy, with no pennies in his pocket, pressing his nose against the sweet-shop window, for the Nursery Stewardess invited me in to join the party.

Almost at once I unwittingly added to the merriment by dropping into a vacant place when the music stopped, only to find that I had chosen a miniature arm-chair suitable for a child of five. There I had to stand, with the chair clinging to me like a limpet, until the Nursery Stewardess could restrain her laughter sufficiently to come to my aid.

### Toys and Story-Books

After the game was finished I was shown all the toys and dolls and story-books that were kept in two deep cupboards, high up on each side of the fireplace. Beneath these cupboards were low cushioned inglenooks where Nurse would sit and read to the children when they were tired of playing. For the very smallest people there were two cots with high rails.

When I had seen everything Nurse went over to a serving hatch and gave several taps. A smiling steward opened it, disclosing to view the neatest, sliniest pantry. He began to hand through all sorts of good things, and I learned that it was the Children's Party day.

While the tables were being decorated and laid the Chief Steward came in with a great box. In each place he put a funny hat and a musical toy and tied a gaily-coloured balloon to the chair. Then, turning to Nurse, he asked her to set the gramophone going.

### The Party

Now all was ready for the party to begin. Hickory, Dickory, Dock, we start at 3.30 o'clock, was printed on the menu; then followed such things as jellies (to be eaten to the tune of Fill up a Corner), fruit cake (Simple Simon met a Pieman), jam pastries (The Queen of Hearts She made some Tarts); then some Jack and Chill ice-cream and King Pippin apples. The party ended with games and a march round the decks, all wearing their paper caps and playing their musical toys. As I watched them trooping bunkwards I thought of the tremendous improvement in the conditions of sea travel, for a few years ago it was no exaggeration to read about the days

When the ship goes wop with a wiggle between And the steward falls into the soup tureen.

## THE RAILWAY THAT STOPS SHORT

### And What Could Be Done With It

### A VAST NEW GRANARY FOR CANADA

British Columbia has an excellently-managed railway in its Pacific Great Eastern, but the line does not go far enough.

Its southern end is at Squamish, several miles short of Vancouver, and in the North it goes no farther than Quesnel, which is a hundred miles south of the great trans-Canada line of the Canadian National Railways.

About a hundred miles farther north from the trans-Canada railway at Prince George lies a vast area of rich land waiting to be developed. It is the Peace River Country; about two-thirds of its 145,000 square miles lies in north-western Alberta and the other third in north-east British Columbia.

### Bountiful Forests

The district is rich in agricultural and farm lands, has bountiful forests, very large coal deposits, natural gas and oil resources, and water-power available for development. Canadians of the prairie provinces have long recognised the value of this rich area, which is more or less detached from the older settled plains by a belt of rugged territory. It is estimated that the area now has about 60,000 settlers against only 2000 in 1911, and if a direct rail outlet to the Pacific were provided there would be a further rapid increase.

The Pacific Great Eastern seems to show the way. It is said that if this could be continued south to Vancouver and north to the trans-Canada line at Prince George, and then beyond into the Peace River Country, it would confer lasting benefit on British Columbia as well as open up a vast new granary.

### Work For 15,000 Men

These are difficult times to raise money, and the cost of filling in the gaps between the Pacific and the Peace River Country would be as much as ten million pounds. But it would provide work for 15,000 men who are now unemployed.

It seems likely that the scheme, which Governments have been unable to go forward with, will be carried out by private enterprise. Should this be so there will be a rush to the Peace River District from other parts of Canada, and probably from England, which will compare with the rush to the prairie provinces at the end of last and early in this century.

## PRICES IN GENEVA NOW

From a Correspondent There

Yesterday I bought a packet of pins in Geneva, just a hundred on a thin piece of paper that in England would be given for a farthing change, and I paid for them 25 centimes.

The prices of the simplest kinds of food are very high. The price of meat is extremely so, and that of tea is fantastic. It is considerably cheaper to have tea sent out from England and pay postage and customs duty on it than to buy in Geneva.

This very high level of prices for necessities, combined with the very low value of the pound, makes living in Geneva a precarious adventure.

Other small matters come into daily living expenses. No tram-fare, however short the distance, is less than 20 centimes, and it mounts very quickly to 30, 40, and 50.

Such a thing as a packet of 25 envelopes for 3d simply does not exist in Geneva. The lowest price is 50 centimes (more than 6d), and usually we have to pay 70 centimes or more. Writing-paper is correspondingly dear.



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## FRAGMENTS OF A FAMOUS COMET

### THE LYRID METEORS

#### Where To Look For Them Next Week

### BRILLIANT BLUE STAR OF THE NORTH

By the C.N. Astronomer

The north-east sky may provide some objects of interest next week in the form of fragments of the First Comet of the year 1861.

These are known as the Lyrid meteors. A few may be seen on one or more of the nights between April 20 to 22, when the Earth is expected to cross the path of this particular meteor stream. Unfortunately the presence of moonlight will greatly interfere with their visibility and so only exceptionally bright meteors are likely to be seen.

#### A Unique Constellation

They get their name from the constellation of Lyra, the Lyre. This is the only musical instrument represented in the constellations of the sky, but it contains the superb blue star Vega, the most brilliant in the northern heavens, outshining even the great golden Arcturus, described last week.

It is easy, therefore, to find this star and the region from where the meteors appear to come. Vega is in the north-east, rather less than half-way up from the horizon toward overhead between 10 and 11 o'clock. The meteors radiate from a point a little way to the right of Vega, and the later they are looked for the greater is the probability that some may be seen. The night of April 20 is usually the best, but on account of Leap Year April 21 should be the most productive on this occasion.

#### An Undiscovered World

The famous comet which has left this swarm of meteoric particles trailing in its rear is now beyond the orbit of Neptune, travelling far out into remote depths, twice as far away, and probably to the orbit of some as yet undiscovered world. For this comet of 1861 takes about 415 years to complete its orbit and return to the vicinity of the Earth; and as it is still travelling away from us it will not be till about the year 2275 that this parent of the Lyrid meteors is likely to be observed again by human eyes.

There is, however, a still more famous comet, which leaves a much more striking meteor stream in its trail, expected this year, and astronomers are now preparing to seek it. This is Tempel's Comet 1866, I, which returns to the Sun every 33 and one-third years, when it passes near the Earth's orbit. The meteors associated with it are the Leonids, so often seen in successive Novembers between the 13th and 15th, and which in about every 33 years increase so greatly in numbers.

#### An Exciting Event

This Tempel's Comet is expected to be at its nearest to the Sun about the beginning of next November. Astronomers hope to discover it several months before, for its path has been calculated so closely that they know almost exactly where to look.

At present it is approaching our world from the orbit of Uranus, but it is still believed to be upward of 200 million miles away.

The most exciting event resulting from this expected return of Tempel's Comet is the probability of a splendid display of the Leonid meteors about November 15 of this year and the two following years, such as was witnessed in 1799, 1833, and 1866, but which failed to be seen in either 1899 or 1900, when they were last expected. They provided a fine display of shooting stars, however, in 1901. Meanwhile astronomers are keenly looking forward to locating the parent of these myriads of cometary fragments.

G. F. M.

## C. L. N.

## A School's Celebration

### MISS GENEVA COVENANT AND MR KELLOGG PACT

Number of Members—32,761

New Zealand took up the idea of the C.L.N. with an enthusiasm which has never waned, and many novel ways have been found to interest young people in the work of the League of Nations.

Not long ago the headmistress of a girl's school in Dunedin sent invitations to the Betrothal Breakfast of Miss Geneva Covenant and Mr Kellogg Pact.

Everybody was mystified. But the day soon came and the guests arrived, the girls wearing the national dress of different countries, for they guessed that it was a C.L.N. party.

Solemnly they were ushered into the drawing-room, and here they were received by Mr and Mrs Covenant, the parents of the bride-to-be, dressed as elderly people.

In the dining-room a feast of cakes had been prepared. As soon as everybody was seated round the gay and festive board the betrothed couple arrived, Miss Covenant on the arm of Mr Pact.

#### High Hopes Entertained

Her father proposed the health of the young couple when the feast was ended. He spoke about the provisions of the Covenant and the high hopes entertained from her union with Mr Pact.

The original intention had been to celebrate their marriage, as it had been thought that the Assembly would agree to the suggested changes to the Covenant so that it might be brought into harmony with the Peace Pact. But as the Assembly decided to postpone the decision the guests were invited to a Betrothal Breakfast instead.

When they left they all shook hands with the betrothed couple and expressed the hope that the marriage would soon take place.

There are many ways of lending Peace a hand, and we like the way of the schoolgirls of Dunedin, for who knows how many new members, and how much new strength, may so come to the League?

And so to our business; as Samuel Pepys would say. One more member, please, from each one of us this week.

#### How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: C.L.N., 15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.



The C.L.N. Badge

No C.L.N. letters to be sent to the C.N. office. Each application should enclose sixpence for card and badge, with your full name, age, birthday, and school.

## THE GREAT PURPOSE OF THE LEAGUE

By Lord Lytton

It is the purpose of the League to remove fear from the mentality of its members by guaranteeing to them protection from aggression and the maintenance of justice; but in return the League expects that its members shall have peace not only in their mouths but also in their minds.

It is not possible for any nation to cultivate hatred and hostility toward other countries and then expect the League to step in and save it from the consequences of that attitude.

The League expects all its members to feel that it is not in the power of any other State to injure them, but, at the same time, it requires its members to refrain from all forms of injury to others.

Whatever any State has a right to ask the League will secure for it, provided that it is not obtained at the expense of another. What a State has no right to ask from another the League will prevent it from taking by force.

## A DOG'S DAILY VISIT

### A Little Drink in Switzerland

A Swiss gentleman had a dog he was very fond of, always taking it with him on his walks.

One day he went farther afield than usual and lost the dog. Later in the day the telephone bell rang and a police-officer said that one of their men had come across a lost dog and brought it to the station. By the name on the collar it appeared to be his.

"Many thanks," said the gentleman. "Will you now kindly turn him loose; he will find his way home."

Accordingly about 6.30 there was a scratching at the door; the dog had come home.

The next day the dog was reported missing in the afternoon, but it returned about 6.30. This continued for several days, to the mystification of the household. Finally the gentleman telephoned to the police-station to ask if they knew anything about it.

"Oh, yes," they replied, "he comes here every day at the same time in the afternoon and asks for a saucer of milk, which we always give him. Then he says Thank You and goes away again."

## PUSSY'S TURN

There is a great deal of friendly rivalry between the owners of cats and dogs.

The subject of discussion is, of course, the respective values of the two kinds of pets. Those who have dogs are apt to say that Pussy is only an ornament who sleeps during the day, keeps the neighbours awake at night, and performs no useful service to his owners in return for his keep.

The owners of cats cannot make a very effective reply to these accusations, and they will therefore be delighted to hear the following piece of news, which is an undoubted feather for Pussy's none too well decorated hat.

*A certain cat at Bristol, by showing great and unwonted uneasiness, called its owner's attention to a burglar who was hiding beneath a bed.*

## WHO WAS THOMAS NEWCOMEN?

Born Dartmouth, 1663. Died London, 1729.

He was one of the obscure, industrious geniuses to whom we owe the application of steam as a motive power.

He was either an ironmonger or a blacksmith. Possessed of an original and inquiring mind he corresponded with Robert Hooke as to the investigations of Papin and the Marquess of Worcester upon the applicability of steam-power for the purpose of driving machinery. He found a kindred spirit in Savery, a mine manager of Cornwall, and a sympathetic friend in Cawley, a glazier.

Savery was another born inventor; Cawley seems to have advanced the capital which Newcomen first needed for his experiments.

The outcome was a patent for the atmospheric steam-engine. Its purpose was to pump water from mines. This was the first piece of mechanism in which steam was used with practical success.

Hero of Alexandria, born two thousand years before, had discovered the power of steam, and applied it in the form of what was practically a primitive steam-turbine. For two thousand years the secret lay hidden, if it can be said ever to have been mastered. Possibly Newcomen never heard of Hero. He, at any rate, was the next man after the Alexandrian genius successfully to carry out experiments with steam. But Newcomen turned his experiments to practical account, and all our triumphs with steam date from his successful efforts.



## Watch their health now

APRIL may be called a transition month, for it belongs neither to winter nor summer. Usually the weather is a mixture of both, and often within an hour changes from warm sunshine to heavy rain or sleet.

In April our bodies go through a transition stage, too. Children especially are affected by the change of the seasons. There is usually a considerable amount of illness in April, and digestive disorders are common. Evidence of these troubles is shown in malnutrition, nervousness and inability to give close attention to school lessons and home study.

April is a month when parents should give special attention to their children's health. At this period of the year the addition of "Ovaltine" to the diet would be valuable. "Ovaltine" can always be used with perfect safety. It is made from specially prepared malt extract, pure creamy milk and fresh eggs from our own and selected farms. It supplies all the nutriment necessary for repairing the wastage of cells and tissues caused day by day, and for building up body, brain and nerve.

# OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

**Builds-up Brain. Nerve and Body**  
Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland  
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P547





## Children play hard

This means that their need of food supplying materials for warmth and energy is much greater than in adults. Hovis supplies these essential materials. Vitamin B for good digestion and sound nutrition, Proteins for warmth, energy and healthy growth . . . . . Give them

# HōVIS

THE NATIONAL HEALTH BUILDER

Once a day  
- Everyday



HOVIS LTD : London : Bristol : Macclesfield : &c.

## NO LITTER LOOTS IN VANCOUVER TRAMS The Ticket Problem Solved

A Vancouver reader has noticed allusions in the C.N. to the lazy habits of the Litter Lout in scattering his bus or tram tickets on the pavements.

Nobody in Vancouver ever thinks of doing such a thing, our correspondent writes, because of a very simple plan.

Each tram has a glass container in which the tickets are placed as soon as they are bought. The trams are built with a way in and a way out on either side of a railled-off enclosure in which the conductor sits.

Passengers pay their fares as they get on the tram, and under the watchful eye of the conductor deposit their tickets before passing into the car.

If this system could be followed by our tramway companies a vast amount of work could be saved. The conductor would not have the tiring work of constantly rushing about collecting fares, and it would do away with the stupid inspection of tickets, as a person could not be seated in the tram at all unless he had paid his fare and deposited his ticket. And, most of all, nobody would have to sweep up after the Litter Lout.

Canadian tram companies also speed things up by selling books of tickets.

## THE ALL-STEEL FACTORY Lengthening the Girder

This is the Age of Steel. Its outcome may be the city of welded steel.

From the windows of the C.N. we have for months looked on a great new building rising first in a skeleton of steel girders, bolted together with red-hot rivets which the workmen threw to one another from the travelling forges and caught in buckets.

But the future steel buildings may have their girders welded together in the terrific heat of electric furnaces brought to the spot.

At Walthamstow the largest steel-framed building in England, with girders thus welded together, has just been inspected by the British Steelwork Association.

The building spreads over a site of 37,000 square feet. Its clear floor space is surrounded by six girders 160 feet long and 10 feet deep and each weighing nearly nine tons. Each supports a load of nearly 50 tons. The length of the girders was so great that they could not be brought in one piece to the works. Each had five sections which the electric arc welded together on the spot.

This steel framework will soon be hidden by its skin of brick and tile, but it is clearly one of the frameworks of the future.

## CRUEL SPORTS Petition to the King

The League for the Prohibition of Cruel Sports has presented to the King a petition against blood sports.

The petition declares that there is an ever-increasing feeling that such sports should cease to be tolerated by a civilised country and begs that "your Majesty's great influence and power may be used in preventing the display of films and news pictures reporting and supporting blood sports."

The petitioners have noticed with sorrow the manner in which many most prominent people, including the highest in the land, have been shown in this connection, and the petition goes on to deplore the harmful practice of organising hunting meetings for young children.

Canada last year used 11 million tons of American coal and less than one million tons from England.

## A. P. A. The Language Table Game

We have had progressive whist and progressive games of all kinds; now the All People's Association has started a new kind of game: it is known as progressive languages.

There are many tables in the Language Club at 99 Gower Street, London. Each has five players and a hostess; but instead of hooking-up buttons with a bent pin at one table, then moving on to guess the mysterious packages on another, the sport at each table is a different language and the moves take months, for it is usual not to pass on to the next table and a new language until the old one has been mastered.

Many of the members wanted to continue learning at home, and so the Association has started a library of linguaphone records, allowing each person thirty records of any modern language.

It is certainly a good idea on the part of the A.P.A., which is a little world in itself, almost every country being represented among its 2500 members. The C.N. is Number 165.

## QUEER STORIES OF MAGNETS

The possibility of keeping youthful by drinking magnetic potions was believed in until the Middle Ages, and a certain king went so far as to have all his cooking utensils made of magnet stone.

This and many other curious stories about magnets were told the other day in a lecture at the Birmingham Industries Fair.

Magnetism was generally administered in the form of a potion made of milk with which powdered loadstone was mixed. It was looked upon as a certain cure for short-sightedness on account of its powers of attraction.

The attractive force of a magnet was regarded, from early Greek and Roman times, as proof that it must have a soul, and it was not until the writings of the Elizabethan physician William Gilbert that the secrets of the force of magnetism began to be really understood.

## THE 100-H.P. TRAM

Ten trams of 100 horse-power and a top speed of a hundred miles an hour have started running on a thirteen-mile suburban line at Philadelphia.

They have brought the running time from 24 minutes down to 16. The trams are said to have an ordinary cruising speed of 80 miles an hour, but until their engines are run in they are not doing more than 70.

The cars are bright scarlet, with chromium window frames, and are streamlined rather like a bullet. The driver's compartment has the appearance of the cockpit of an aeroplane, with an upholstered swivel seat and dials and switches on the dashboard.

The cost of each of these cars is reckoned at about £10,000.

## THE AERIAL IN THE CUPBOARD

A most original and ingenious indoor aerial has been made by a German innkeeper at Teplitz.

The component parts were a wardrobe, four china rests for table legs, and a pot of aluminium paint.

The inside of the wardrobe was coated with the metallic paint, and the wardrobe was insulated by placing it on the rests. The result was an indoor aerial of a very high power.

The wardrobe still fulfils its original destiny, the hanging clothes having no effect on its powers of reception.

It may be mentioned in passing that the results would have been even better had the inventor covered the inside of the wardrobe with silver paper.

## HARD TIMES TURN THE TABLES Europe Answers S.O.S.

From an American Correspondent

For years Americans have grumbled about the habits of the foreign-born immigrants who have crossed the Atlantic in search of fortune and, having found it in greater or less degree, have proceeded to send some of it home to the old people in Italy, Bohemia, Dalmatia, Poland, and all the other countries and districts of Europe which have sent forth their valiant sons to make up the New World.

Americans found it difficult to admire this consistent faithfulness to old ties, seeing only the loss of the money which was annually leaving the country.

Now the tables have turned. The young foreigners in the United States have a hard time finding work, and instead of sending a money-order home to Warsaw or Nish, or wherever it is, they are obliged to send appeals for aid. Mr William Frary, speaking for the Travellers Aid Society, says that many an indigent immigrant comes asking them to cable home for funds. So far every such appeal made by the society to the family of the distressed person has met with response. Families, Mr Frary observes, are still families. Though years of absence and an ocean divide their members they stand by one another in times of trial.

## BOTTLES

### A Great Trade and Its Waste

Last year about eight million bottles and 16,000 churns were lost and found again by our milk industry.

It is reckoned that the industry saved at least fifty thousand pounds in this way, and it may be hoped that the encouragement of this economy will lead to a wide movement in the saving of the millions of wasted bottles now thrown about the countryside. Over 2500 milk bottles were found last year on the beach at Margate alone.

A clearing-house for the recovery of milk bottles and churns has now been opened at Tottenham, and it would be an immense help in keeping the country tidy if our bottle manufacturers would take some interest in recovering bottles which are thrown away in millions every month or every week. The present wastage is one of the great blots on the organisation of the bottle industry, and the way in which bottles are thrown about is, of course, a great danger. Unless something is done to prevent it the time must come when some substitute will be invented for the familiar glass bottle.

## POISON DAILY DISTRIBUTED IN OUR HOMES

I trust the good sense of the people. When they read a newspaper they are not obliged to believe all there is in it. They can protect themselves. Let them refuse to accept the poison which is daily distributed in their homes.

It is upon the people that I rely to protect our work against the enemies of Peace, and it is especially to women that I look; it is to them that I address myself. It has given me a great joy to read in their eyes so much enthusiasm. So long as we have the support of women; so long as they can be relied on to fight for their countries, their husbands, their brothers, their children, so long as they are helping humanity to throw off war's atrocities, our cause will be in good hands. I entreat them not to desert the principle of Universal Peace and to sustain our activity.

Aristide Briand

## To C.N. Motorists

Do Not Buy Petrol  
From Ugly Stations



April 16, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

13

## ARE YOU A HEATH FIRER?

Or a Bottle-Thrower?  
OR A LITTER LOU?

When squalls of rain ended the long drought they came just in time to prevent the spread of heath fires.

But they could not prevent all. A great stretch of heath and gorse and woodland by Wych Cross in Ashdown Forest was destroyed by a fire fanned by a roaring breeze. Eastertide has left its mark on these Sussex highlands in a black scar of 400 acres where should now be all the promise of spring.

In this fire some of the heroes were a patrol of Boy Scouts who were in camp at the Isle of Thorns and who seconded the efforts of the forest rangers to keep the fire from spreading. But there is reason for believing that these fire-fighters represent only one side of the heath fires.

There is another, which is that of the activities of those who start them.

### Thoughtless Incendiaries

On Good Friday we were near Ham Common, where a fire had done some damage the night before. A second fire started and did not gain much ground, perhaps for want of fuel; but when we thought it was all over a third fire suddenly burst out and blazed more furiously than the one before it. It afforded great delight to a number of boys, who danced as near as they dared to the flames.

It is often said that these heath fires are started by a half-extinguished match carelessly flung down after a cigarette has been lighted with it, and it may be so; but many other fires are carelessly or deliberately started by thoughtless people who do not realise what mischief may be done, or do not care. They throw about matches, paper, and bottles, all of which may cause the mischief.

### The Broken-Glass Peril

This world which is so full of wonderful things is also wonderfully full of idiots who are deaf and blind to the interests of others. Many fires are caused by the action of the Sun on broken glass. When the fire was at last beaten out in Ashdown Forest the ground blackened by the flames was found to be covered also by broken bottles and old tins which the bushes had hidden.

They had been left there by holiday-makers of other holidays, who never realise that the place they find so agreeable for picnics can only be kept pleasant for others if nobody spoils it. In spite of all that is said about the distributors of dirty and greasy paper, cardboard cartons, unwanted bottles, and empty tins, there are always people who never seem to heed or hear, but continue to play the same old dirty tricks on those who come after them.

## WHAT A WONDERFUL THING

### Making Your Weather At Home

Engineers have followed up their machines for making pure air for public halls, studios, and other big buildings with a small one for use in the home.

It is possible with such a machine to keep the air in any ordinary house cool in summer, warm in winter, and always with just the most agreeable amount of moisture or humidity in it.

The miniature weather factory is enclosed in an iron box about the size of a small piano. Inside it is a filter, which takes out much of the coarse dust. The air is then forced by two electric fans through a mist of spray, and the washed air is dried, warmed to the right degree, and pumped into the house.

Washed and purified air in the home does more than give a clean, refreshing atmosphere. It almost entirely removes dust and makes the work of the house very much lighter.

## LONDON'S OLD FRIENDS

Cutting Them Down  
SAD WORK IN REGENT'S PARK

There are people about Regent's Park who say that the Office of Works has set to work on the Botanic Gardens with too much goodwill.

A melancholy tale is told of a weeping ash cut down, a Siberian crab and a Virginia lotus destroyed.

The great glass conservatory, we know, has gone; photographs of its derelict ironwork which have appeared make it look as if an Alabama tornado had passed over it. Part of the lake has gone.

The Office of Works has also been busy in preparing for a rose garden. Knowing what good work the Office of Works has done elsewhere in clearing away the rubbish about ancient places and putting them neatly in order we have good hopes of the rose garden when in bloom.

### Was It Necessary?

But there are some of us who think a tree in the park is worth many roses on the bush, and we wonder if it was really necessary to destroy all the trees enumerated in the list prepared by the Regent's Park Protective Committee as having passed away from the Gardens.

They include a large black poplar, a fine Turkey oak, a white willow, cluster-flowered laburnum and hawthorns, a slippery elm, Chinese flowering plum, an ailanthus, and an alder.

They were all old inhabitants. Was it right to evict them for modern improvements? The Office of Works may have good reason for the pruning-knife, but to the Londoner trees are trees, and more than that when they are old friends.

## THE VAN HORSE

He Will Draw the C.N. No More

Our news van horses are going.

Messrs W. H. Smith and Sons are replacing their well-kept and handsome old servants by motor-vans. By October the clatter of their hoofs on the cobbles of the stable yard between Arundel Street and Milford Lane in the Strand will be heard no more.

Thirty years ago we heard it every day, and about that time the firm introduced their first motor-van. It was not a great success, and, as it is odd to remember now, it was greeted with some derision by newsboys near St Clement Danes.

The motor-van soon got beyond the stage of hold-ups, but in all the years since then the horse has held its own against it for short journeys with many stops; and something of the feeling of honest pride in its achievements was always to be seen reflected in the glossy well-being of W. H. Smith's van horses.

At the parade of van horses which is held every year on Easter Monday in Regent's Park two of these from the W. H. Smith's stables made their last appearance and won their last prize. For 24 years Driver Burdon, who handled their reins, has won a prize.

## NEWS FROM SPAIN

"The best cooperation for educational work in Spain may be provided by the cinema, broadcasting, and the gramophone," says the Spanish Minister of Public Education.

The Cortes has provided about £40,000 to buy wireless sets, gramophones and records, cinema apparatus and films, to be given to schools, institutions, clubs, and groups all over the country.

Special attention is being given to lonely rural areas; and the teachers in these places are to see that all the people make good use of their opportunities.

# Kiddies! Have you made "the NICEST HOUSE IN BREAKFAST STREET"

Get these parts FREE

YET?

### COUPON

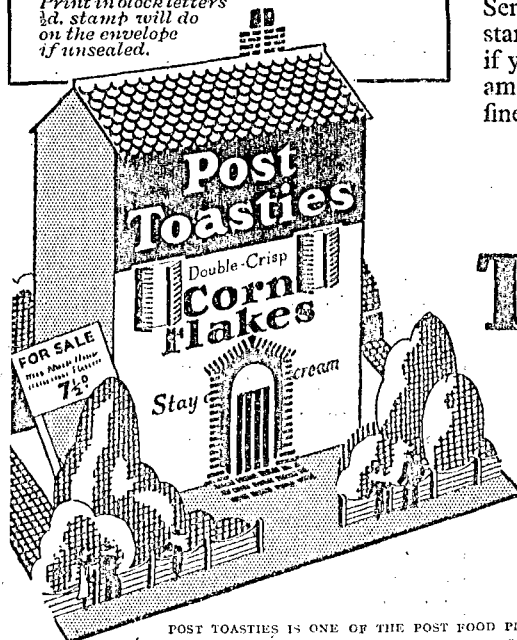
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## The little that means so much!

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## THE INFANTS' HOSPITAL

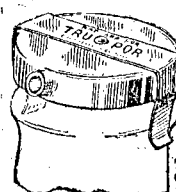
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# THE SILVER BUTTON

Serial Story by  
John Halden

## What Has Happened Before

Timothy Crane, idly wandering in London, finds himself in possession of a puzzling message on a scrap of paper, and a silver button with the figure 3 on it.

He is followed to the Zoo, where, after a mystifying conversation with a stranger, he falls unconscious. He wakes up in a room he has never seen before.

## CHAPTER 3

### Playing for Safety

THE triumphant mockery in the stranger's face was more than Timothy could bear. This man had tricked him, tried to bribe him, probably drugged him, and had now abducted him. And all for no reason, so far as Timothy could see. It was too much. Timothy sat up abruptly, clutching his dizzy head.

"What does this mean?" he demanded. The stranger only smiled. Timothy giddily tried to rise from the couch.

"I am leaving here at once, and I mean to go straight to the police!" he said.

"I really don't think you will do that," said the stranger.

"Why not?" demanded Timothy.

The stranger shrugged.

"Don't you think we have had enough of this play-acting?" he remarked. "I offered you your price. You ignored it. I intend that you shall not deal so high-handedly with my future offers—if any."

"The price for this sort of thing is a good stiff term in prison," said Timothy valiantly. "Drugging and abduction."

As Timothy spoke he felt in his pocket for the bits of paper he had so mysteriously received. They were no longer there! So this man had searched him. Luckily he remembered the wording of both notes.

"Add to your other crimes petty larceny," he said contemptuously. But the man only smiled.

"I've taken from you nothing that you can prove you ever had," he said.

Timothy felt for his purse. That remained in his pocket.

"I ask again what all this means," he said. "And I demand my right to leave this place immediately."

"Certainly you shall go free immediately, once you have given your word of honour to deliver to me your father's plans by tomorrow morning," said his mysterious warder.

Timothy frowned with bewilderment.

"I know nothing of any plans," he said.

"Don't put on that air of bewildered innocence," said the man impatiently. "We know very well that you know their hiding-place. All I ask is that you promise to deliver them to me secretly without telling the others."

"I'll make no such promise," returned Timothy, racking his brains to discover what possible "plans" his father, a placid, gentleman farmer, could possess of interest to this man.

"I know a way to force you to make that promise," said the stranger.

"If you mean torture," said Timothy hotly, "no promise extracted in that way is binding. I certainly should not feel bound to keep it."

The man shrugged. "What is your life to me?" he remarked with a meaning intonation.

Timothy thought rapidly. This looked serious, for the man certainly meant to infer that he would stop at nothing.

"My life means something considerable to you until you get those plans," he said at last on a venture, and the expression in the stranger's hard eyes showed that he had struck home.

"Your father is also able to give up those plans," said the stranger, "and no doubt he would be less stubborn about it if he learned that his only son's life hung on his acquiescence."

Once more Timothy, who was fighting wholly in the dark, ventured a chance shot.

"That line of attack is no good to you and you know it," he said.

Once more the other's face showed him his shot had struck home.

"You are clever," said the stranger, "but you are blind to your own advantage, my boy. My country is rich. I can pay you as much as these others altogether offer, if you give me exclusive rights."

"Suppose I consented," said Timothy, hoping to learn more about the affair in which he had become so strangely involved. "What would the others do when they learned I had tricked them?"

"You need not fear their vengeance," returned the other eagerly. "I have prepared a set of false plans that will keep them quiet until it is too late."

"Hm," said Timothy, putting on an expression of great profundity and waiting for more enlightenment.

"That is supposing that only one set of the real plans exist," said the man, regarding him keenly. "This is so, is it not?"

But Timothy only pursed his lips and remained silent. He really had not the slightest idea how many sets of the plans, whatever the plans were, existed. He realised, however, that he had a clever and unscrupulous man to deal with, and he meant to give nothing away until he was at least out of his power.

"You need not answer," said the stranger at last. "We have ascertained that much with fair certainty. Your father has hidden the plans of his invention with care. He refuses to give them up. If you care for your father's life you will be wiser than he is in this matter."

Timothy lay back on the cushions. His head was swimming. Who on earth could be this man to whom the stranger referred as Timothy's father? His own father was, he knew, safe and well. He had left him that very morning without a care in the world except the state of the barley. Certainly Timothy's father had never invented anything in his life, except a patent mousetrap of which he was very proud.

For a moment Timothy toyed with the idea of telling this stranger who he was and convincing him that he had made a mistake. A moment's thought, however, showed him the unwisdom of this course. He knew little enough of the affair, but the little he knew might be dangerous to the conspirators, whoever they were.

What, then, was the situation? Somebody's father was apparently in a tight place. And some boy, apparently about Timothy's own age and appearance, was expected to betray his inventor father. Who was that boy? And what was the invention for which fabulous sums were being offered—so important that the man before him would not hesitate at death and torture to secure it?

"I'll stay with this thing until I find out," thought Timothy at last. "Perhaps I can be of use if I sit tight and don't give away my ignorance."

The man on the other side of the couch had been watching narrowly while Timothy was thinking out his position.

"Well, have you decided?" he asked.

"Suppose I refuse?" asked Timothy.

"If you refuse, Number 13, I'll know how to deal with you!" There was an unmistakable threat in the man's voice, but what struck Timothy most forcibly in the speech was the use of the number in the beggar's note. So this boy he meant to help, and for whom he had been mistaken, was Number 13! Could he be a member of the gang? Was it possible that he had joined with them to betray his father?

## CHAPTER 4

### The Prison

"TELL me your own number—or your name," said Timothy.

The stranger turned away with a scornful smile. "It's likely that I should do that, isn't it?" he said. "So that you would be able to denounce me to the others."

Timothy started. Was this man the traitor against whom the beggar's note had warned him?

"They know already," he said at a venture.

The men turned a furious face. "Did you tell them, you young scoundrel?"

"I didn't need to tell them. They found out for themselves," said Timothy.

The man looked at him with narrow, cruel eyes.

"If I thought that I'd see you in the canal before I left the house," he said.

"You may not know it, but this house has a secret way into the canal. A knock on the head, hands and feet tied together, and a splash for Number 13. Who'd know?"

Timothy gave him look for look.

"And who'd know where the plans are?" he remarked. "You won't do away with me until you have learned what you want to know."

"Your father—" began the other angrily.

"Oh, Father will never give in, and you know it," returned Timothy easily.

It was apparent from the man's furious breathing that Timothy's faith in the unknown whom he had temporarily adopted as his father never would give in, and that the stranger had already tried and failed to persuade him.

## JACKO DRIVES A BARGAIN

JACKO, left for once in charge of the house, was wondering how he could amuse himself, when his eye fell on an article in Father's newspaper.

It was all about gold, saying what a lot of money people were getting for their old jewellery.

"Coo!" muttered Jacko. "I wonder if Mater knows."

Mother Jacko had quite a lot of old-fashioned jewellery in her drawer which

Jacko disappeared for a minute and came back dangling a gold watch at the end of a long, thick chain.

"What will you give me for these?" he asked.

"Fifteen shillings," replied the man, pulling out a dirty ten-shilling note and a handful of silver.

The bargain was made. The old rascal was hurrying down the garden path when, to Jacko's surprise, his



Mother Jacko was too quick for him

she never wore. Jacko, thinking he'd like to have a look at it, raced upstairs and pulled it out.

While he was examining it there was a ring at the bell. It was the old clothes man.

"Anything to sell?" he inquired as Jacko appeared at the door.

Jacko hesitated.

"Do you buy gold?" he asked. "I've got some jewellery."

The old clothes man looked so surprised that his eyes nearly fell out of his head. He nodded, for words seemed to fail him.

mother came running back. She had forgotten her pocket-handkerchief.

"What's that man doing with Granny's watch and chain?" she screamed.

While Jacko tried to explain the old clothes man took to his heels. But Mother Jacko was too quick for him. She flew at him like a tigress, grabbed her property, and bade him "Be off!" before she set the police on him.

"What a mercy I came back!" she gasped. "As for you, Jacko," she added sternly, "your father will know how to deal with you."

"You are right," said the stranger at last. "I have not finished with you yet. I can foresee your end, and it will not be a pleasant one. But it is not yet."

"Am I to understand, then," said Timothy, purposely impudent, "that you mean my end to be the same whether I decide to get the plans for you or not?"

A flicker in the man's eyes showed Timothy that his guess had been right. What he wanted was the plans, and for all his empty promises he did not intend to pay for them. Once they were in his hands he meant to silence finally the only two people who knew of their existence.

"In that case," said Timothy slowly, "I don't think you and I will do business."

The other stood biting his knuckles in rage. He had given himself away and he knew it. Timothy, watching him closely, saw that he was trying to decide whether to get rid of his obstinate prisoner finally and at once or to await further developments. At last he touched a bell.

A door at the other end of the room opened at once. Two powerful men came in. Timothy, looking at them with apprehension, saw that one of them had a broken nose and ugly little eyes, and the other had a pugilist's ear. Both had tremendously long arms and powerful shoulders. Timothy knew he'd have no chance against them. His only hope was to call for help. He opened his mouth—and saw the stranger smile.

"This room," he remarked, "is sound-proof, and at the top of a house, and if you were to push aside those primrose velvet curtains you would see that the windows are fastened with steel bars. I would not advise you to shout, for that would only mean an uncomfortable gag thrust into your mouth. Other people—like you, my guest here—have attempted to get help that way."

Timothy closed his mouth, and remained silent while the two henchmen of the elegant stranger tied his wrists behind his back and bound his feet together. He must rely on his wits to get him out of this.

"Do you mean to get rid of me in the way you spoke of?" he asked.

The stranger who was directing the two men smiled again.

"No; I don't think I shall feed you to the canal just yet. I think you will go into cold storage for a while."

"Curious," said Timothy musingly, "that I should first have seen you at the Zoo. That, if you will allow me to say so, is where you belong."

"Oh, no. You are going to be caged, not I," returned the other, motioning for one of the men to give an extra tight twist to the rope about Timothy's wrists.

"Take him away," said the man, motioning to the two bullies, who picked Timothy up as if he had been a trussed fowl, and bore him through the door.

"Don't forget," called Timothy, twisting round to face the man, "that you can't get what you want without me. A little more consideration might help. If you do for me you'll never find those plans."

Timothy hoped devoutly his words were true. Everything depended on the mysterious boy for whom Timothy himself had been mistaken. If this stranger found out that Timothy had been bluffing him, and so learning his secrets—well, the end he had so blithely predicted might not be far off. But where was this mysterious boy? If he turned up it might be the end of Timothy.

Timothy wished fervently that he had never seen the man disguised as a beggar. He wished he had never gone to the Zoo. He wished—and yet, somewhere an elderly inventor was holding out valiantly against a gang of unscrupulous men who were trying to force his invention from him. Somewhere a boy of his own age was—what was he doing? Was he planning to betray his father, and sell the jealously-guarded plans of the invention to this gang, or was he fighting with all his wits to circumvent them?

Timothy's cogitations were interrupted by a very painful bump as the men who were carrying him threw him roughly into a corner of a dusty attic. He looked round him from where he lay on the floor. It was a fairly big attic, lighted by a window just below the apex of the roof. A few dusty boxes were piled in the corner.

"I would like a drink of water," he said to his captors.

One of the bullies laughed.

"You'll get nothing to drink, my hearty, nor to eat either," he said with relish. "What you'll get will be something very different."

He drew his hand across his neck and made a meaning sound in his throat.

"Come on out of here," said the other man, and together the two went through the attic door, locking it behind them.

TO BE CONTINUED



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Feverishness .  
. . Inertia . . .  
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Speedily and Safely  
THIS  
WAY!



Nothing tunes-up little systems and restores glowing, energetic health more speedily than Feen-a-Mint. Mothers all over the country know that the minor ailments from which children suffer are usually caused by poisons which clog the system. These must be removed quickly, otherwise danger threatens. Feen-a-Mint, because it is so pleasant to take (children love its sweet mint flavour); because its action is so utterly natural; because it is definitely non-habit forming, is the safest laxative to give. Keep a box handy in the home. 1/3 buys enough for several weeks.

**Feen-a-mint**  
The chewing does it

Obtainable at all chemists, 1/3 a box; or post free from the manufacturers.

★ FREE SAMPLE—obtainable by sending your name and address on a post card to  
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## A Mug of Hot Cocoa

and three slices of bread, butter, or jam is given to hundreds of little hungry children every week. Remember the little ones. 3d. pays for one breakfast, 2s. 6d. for 10, 10s. for 40, and 25s. for 100.  
How many may we entertain as your guests?  
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FINEST ENGLISH WILLOW.

BUILT UP  
SARAWAK CANE HANDLE, TREBLE RUBBER IN-  
SECTION. Size 4, 7/6; Size 5, 8/-; Size 6, 9/6; Full  
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Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital  
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children, are urgently needed to help the "poor"  
passing through our hands.

Any gift will be gratefully received by  
**LEWIS R. BURTT, Secretary, Hoxton Market**  
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President—WALTER SCOTCH, ESQ.

## "BOY KING" AND TRIANGULAR PKT. FREE!

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Poland. All free. Send 2d. postage requesting  
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**LISBURN & TOWSEND (G.N.), Liverpool.**

## ARTHUR MEE'S MONTHLY FOR MAY

The greatest surprise of the century we may surely  
call the Tomb of Tutankhamen, where Mr Howard  
Carter and his band of helpers have been working  
for ten years. Now their task is finished, and the  
dramatic story of their search is told in the new  
number of My Magazine, illustrated with pictures  
of many of the priceless treasures brought to light.  
Here are some of the other articles in this issue:

The Miracle of Television

An Explorer's Adventure with  
a Pygmy Elephant in Africa

The Oldest Living Things

The Worlds Within a World

What Became of Pontius Pilate?

There are many other articles, besides stories, poems,  
puzzles, and numerous pictures. Buy a copy now.

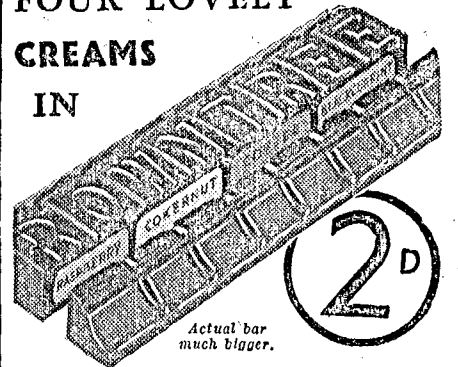
## MY MAGAZINE

MAY ISSUE NOW ON SALE

ONE SHILLING

## FOUR or SIX?

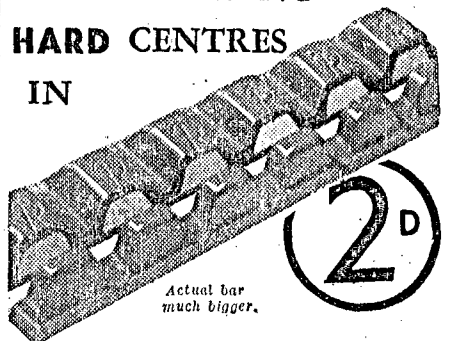
FOUR LOVELY  
CREAMS  
IN



**ROWNTREE'S**  
4-CENTRE TABLET

OR

SIX DIFFERENT  
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sands Testimonials. W. J. Thomas,  
Esq. — "Developed and printed photo;  
as good as if taken with a £3 camera!"  
Big Lists of Bargains Post Free! Leeds  
Bargain Co. (G.N.) 59, Mt. Preston, Leeds.

## The Turk Packet FREE

All applicants for my new approval sheets  
sending 1d. postage will receive 15 Turkish  
stamps free, Pictorial, War, Jubilee, Surcharged,  
etc., usually sold at 1/3. Additional free set to  
customers giving collectors' addresses.

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(Dept. C.P.2), 60, Leicester Road, East Finchley, N.2



**6d & 1 1/2**  
Round Airtight Tins  
and in the original packets  
1d. 2d. 6d. & 1 1/2

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## Upside down in SPACE!

How'd you like to be taking this  
headlong dive through space?  
Something like a thrill, isn't it?  
The man in the photograph has  
just jumped clear of the aeroplane.  
He has pulled the rip-cord of his  
parachute and the small pilot  
'chute has dragged it out of its  
casing. In a split-second the air-  
stream will open it with a re-  
sounding clap. Then our friend's  
dizzy fall will be checked with a  
jerk and he'll float peacefully to  
Mother Earth, who is waiting to  
receive him far below.

Exciting, isn't it?

Read all about it in this week's  
issue of

The  
**MODERN  
BOY - 2d.**

Now on Sale at all Newsdealers





The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 16, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

## THE BRAN TUB

### Three Flyers

THREE aeroplane pilots have between them flown ninety thousand miles. Brown has flown twice as far as Smith, and Jackson has flown four times as far as the other two put together.

What is the distance each has covered? *Answer next week*

### Outlook Unsettled

HERE is an old weather rhyme which must have been written by a pessimist:

The South wind always brings wet weather;

The North wind wet and cold together;

The West wind always brings us rain;

The East wind blows it back again.

If the Sun in red should set

The next day surely will be wet;

If the Sun should set in grey

The next will be a rainy day.

### I el On Parle Français



La poignée Un épervier Le sabot

On tient la scie par la poignée.

Les oiseaux craignent l'épervier.

On met un fer au sabot du cheval.

### Six Towns

BELOW are the incomplete names of six English towns. The missing letters, indicated by asterisks, can be replaced by inserting the names of six creatures in the animal kingdom.

\*\*\*C A S \* L E

T \* U \* \* O N

S O U T \* \* \* D

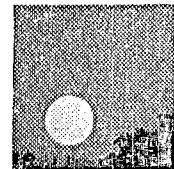
M A \* G \* \* E

F A L \* \* \* U \* \*

*Answer next week*

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening



Jupiter and Neptune are in the South and Venus is in the West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South

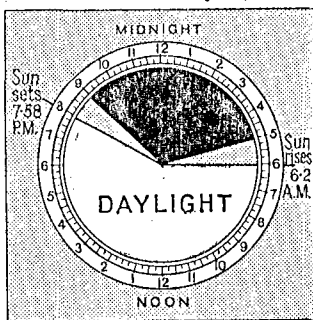
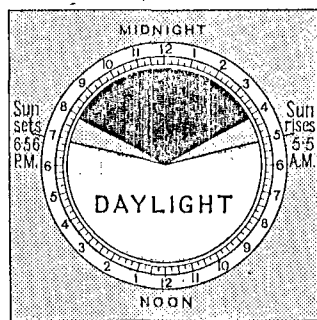
at 10 p.m. on Wednesday, April 20.

### Long Ago

Saxophone. Antoine Joseph Sax, the inventor of the saxophone, was born in Dinant, Belgium, in 1814. His father was a famous maker of musical instruments.

In 1842 Antoine started a little business of his own in Paris, but

## How Summer Time Alters Our Day



THESE two charts show how Summer Time gives us an extra hour of daylight at the end of the day. They indicate (left) daylight, darkness, and twilight on April 16, the last day of Greenwich Time, and (right) on April 17, the first day of Summer Time.

he was a genius at his work and soon had to increase his premises. But like many another genius he was a hopeless business man, and although he had a contract for supplying the whole French Army with instruments he went bankrupt and died in penury in 1894.

### A Charade

MY first is a plane, as plain as can be;

My second's a colour which you often see;

My third is a pronoun of the neuter gender;

My whole is dishonour to every offender.

*Answer next week*

### An Awkward Payment

JAMES has only half-crowns, John has only florins. James is to pay John 4s and then have more coins than before he made the payment. What is the least number of half-crowns with which he can manage this? *Answer next week*

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

What Is the Time? 10.15.

What Country Is This? Hungary

A Hidden Saying

A friend in need is a friend indeed

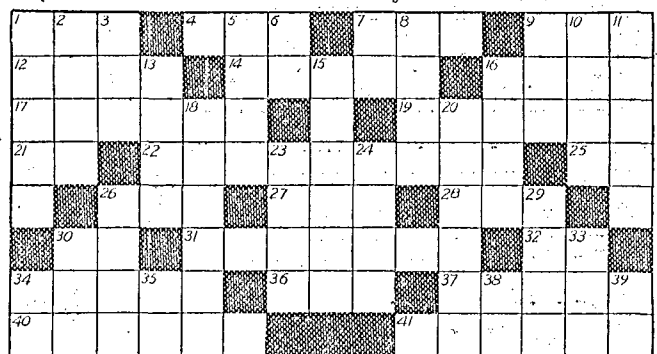
Arithmetical Spelling

XLLENT (X = 10, L = 50)

A Charade. Mist-rust

## The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 48 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks. *Answer next week*



**Reading Across.** 1. Used when boating. 4. Member of the horse family. 7. To discern by careful observation. 9. The summit. 12. Clothed. 14. A type of window. 16. An amphibian. 17. Photographing apparatus. 19. A landed property. 21. You and me. 22. Winged. 25. Interjection expressing surprise. 26. Historical period. 27. Shelter given by a hill. 28. Suitable. 30. Royal Academician.\* 31. Fish of the cod family. 32. Preposition. 34. A company. 36. Venomous serpent. 37. To go in. 40. Measurers. 41. To express agreement.

**Reading Down.** 1. To happen. 2. Interjection expressing grief. 3. To force home. 5. To fly high. 6. Southern Railway.\* 7. Compass point.\* 8. An argument. 9. A beverage. 10. A solemn statement. 11. To make an earnest appeal. 13. Beloved. 15. Drives forward. 16. A measure taken. 18. A harvester. 20. Serpents. 23. A kind of urn. 24. To jump. 26. Where the Sun rises. 29. Art gallery. 30. A mass of eggs. 33. Nine and one. 34. Prime Minister.\* 35. Compass point.\* 38. Nova Scotia.\* 39. Right.\*

## Dr MERRYMAN

### Selling By Measure

BOY: Two pounds of maize, please, for my chickens.

Shopkeeper: We sell corn by measure, not weight.

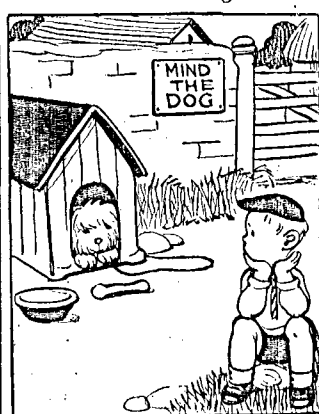
Boy: Then I'll take a yard, please.

### Without Gas

THE dentist's car had broken down and, having found the seat of the trouble, he was about to attend to it with his pliers.

"This may hurt you a little," he said absent-mindedly.

### Mind the Dog



I WONDER why this doggie Wants minding, as they say; It's tied up to its kennel And cannot get away. I'll mind it for a little while But long I cannot stay.

### A Hardy Breed

CHICKEN had been served at the boarding-house. Mr Smith struggled manfully with his portion, and confided to his neighbour that it seemed to be as hard as stone.

"Maybe it was a Plymouth Rock," commented his friend.

### A Large Order

TWO five-year-olds were playing at shops.

"How much are apples?" asked the buyer.

"Oh, a hundred pounds," replied the shopkeeper.

"Thank you; I'll have six pennyworth."

### Unsoacleable

MR and MRS GRUMPS were choosing wallpapers. "We couldn't possibly have that," exclaimed Mrs G. as the salesman showed a rather gaudy paper. "It would drive people away."

"Just the very thing for the visitor's room, my dear," exclaimed Mr G.

## GRANNY'S WIRELESS

## FIVE-MINUTE STORY

ON the borders of Berkshire, at a bend of the River Isis, lies the little village of Clifton Hampden, which is one of England's most beautiful hamlets.

A nest of neatly-thatched cottages with cheerful gardens, winding country roads, and a slender spired church that looks down from its cliff head on to its charges with kindness and dignity—the atmosphere is one of great peace and contentment.

In one of these little cottages, its cream walls splashed red with the rowan, and a garden one mass of flowers, lived Nell Sheppard with her blind grandmother.

Hers was not a young person's life—no parents to spoil her, all the weight of the

cottage and its owner on her young shoulders. She knew she could never leave the village and see anything of the outside world, and she earned what little she could by odd work and the preparing of teas for tourists.

It was a late evening in August, and in the stiff little parlour the oil lamp gave out its soft but restricted light. In a corner of the room sat the old lady, with the sublime patience of the blind, and on a chair, with a paper outstretched on a table before her, Nell knelt, poring over its contents.

"Oh, Gran," she sighed, "I long for a wireless set for you more than anything in the world. You would not feel so lonely when I was out ;

and, you know, they do say you can hear the King himself some evenings."

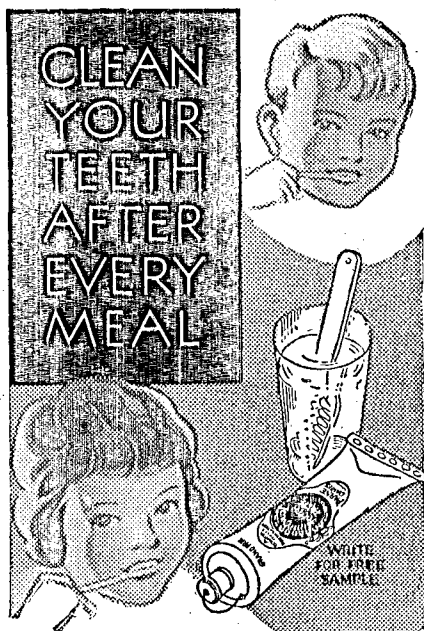
As they sat there in the stillness there was the sound of many feet on the pavement outside.

"Quick, quick, Nell!" cried voices. "One of the party of Londoners camping in the fields was bathing, and he must have taken the cramp for he has not come up."

Nell jumped to her feet.

"What a daft hour to be bathing!" she cried. "What a place London must be!"

But Nell wasted no time. She was known all over the countryside for her fine swimming—the one sport she could indulge in—and she was over the bridge and into the water in a few moments.



CLEAN YOUR TEETH AFTER EVERY MEAL

By cleaning your teeth after every meal you guard them against decay, which brings toothache and pain. If you wish to keep your teeth white and sparkling all your life, clean them after every meal with

**Euthymol TOOTH PASTE**

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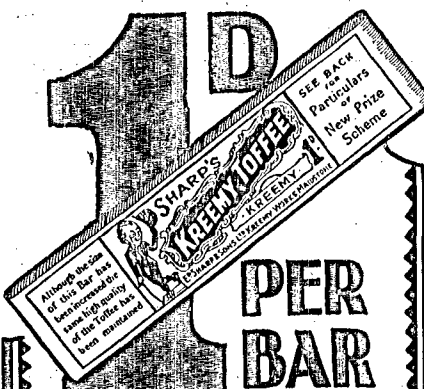
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